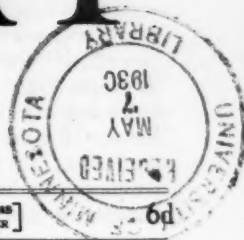


# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Budget has naturally pleased the bookmakers, but nobody else seems grateful to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The few shillings of income tax remitted on the lower category of payers can hardly make much difference in the ordinary small household, especially as it is to be accompanied by a revaluation of Schedule A, so what the £500 a year man gains on the swings he loses as usual on the roundabouts. The higher grades, of course, pay more, and death as usual becomes more expensive.

It was impossible for Mr. Snowden to satisfy his own left wing, and he made no attempt to try. But there seems little enthusiasm for his proposals in the rest of the party. So far as he is concerned, unemployment can go up and social reform go hang; and if the rank and file do not like it, they can do the other thing. This sort of attitude is

not likely to appeal to the average trade union M.P., who knows he does not understand the mysteries of finance, but who cannot see why an industry should be prejudiced to satisfy Mr. Snowden's economic pedantry.

As for the position of the Liberals, it reminds one of the Scottish mountain inn, "Rest and be Thankful"—thankful it is no worse. Taxation of land values and Free Trade is, of course, traditional Liberal doctrine, and they are bound to support both. The increased dole they have already swallowed, and it has left a lump in their throats. Now they have no option but to vote steadily for their Labour allies, simply because they must keep Labour in office till they get some sort of alternative voting measure.

The alternative is extinction at the next election. But if the Liberal Party goes on voting steadily for Labour during the rest of this Parliament, as it seems bound to do, the result is likely to be extinction anyhow. The average elector is likely



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to hold that a Liberal Party which merely says ditto to Labour might as well take its master's name and have done with it.

Meanwhile the trouble in the Tory camp increases, and Lord Beaverbrook complains that the official literature of the party is unfair to the Empire Free Trade pact with Mr. Baldwin. I have not myself seen the pamphlet he objects to—heaven forbid that one should read the sort of stuff that is thought good enough for official propaganda except under compulsion—but his complaint seems to harmonize with what is commonly reported to be the official attitude—give the dog a bone, and then let him bury it.

This may do, of course, with the ordinary party dimmer, who is seeking a constituency and an Under-Secretaryship; he has to take what he can get from the mandarins, and if they tell him to say "Safety First" instead of "Safeguarding," he has to do his best, or he will not be offered even a hopeless fight. But Lord Beaverbrook, as it happens, is seeking neither a constituency nor an Under-Secretaryship, and therefore cannot be fobbed off with this kind of polite insolence.

But it is said quite frankly, and in circles which are entirely free from Shoe Lane influence, that the Central Office needs reform lock, stock, and barrel; head, feet, and legs. Sound Conservatives, who are quite above suspicion of ulterior motives, tell me that its activities, though immense, are futile; that its literature, though copious, is useless; and that its direction, though busy, is unhelpful. No doubt some of this may be discounted as the kind of thing men are apt to say in opposition. But the criticism is too general and too substantial to be entirely baseless.

The world seems to have accepted the results achieved by the Naval Conference in a spirit of resignation rather than enthusiasm. One does not, of course, want to look a gift-horse in the mouth too closely, but it is just as well to make sure that the beast is a quadruped and not a centipede in these days of sham antiques. And the goods, as delivered, do not quite fit the specification and preliminary prospectus.

Thus we were told that the least the Conference could do would be to abolish capital ships, which every expert agreed were obsolescent. It has not done so; half a dozen battleships are to be scrapped by three Powers, but the rest remain. There was to be a reduction in cruisers; instead, there is to be an increase, and the same with submarines. Statesmen may call this disarmament if they like, just as they called a war with Germany "unthinkable." But if that is so, there seems less difference than one had supposed between armament and disarmament.

It is much the same with the new rules for humanizing the submarine. Under these rules Germany could have justified the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Sussex*, for both vessels were near land and both had boats for their passengers. The world was horrified with these things in 1915

and 1916, and protested against them as being barbarian; now, in the name of abolishing war, it legalizes them for next time.

I am glad to be told that this is progress; I should not otherwise have suspected it. I am glad to be told this is economy; for my part, I shall believe it if and when the hypothetical savings on naval estimates are not appropriated by increased air armaments.

There is not much point in talking about the progress of peace when the objective to be aimed at is transferred from goods to passengers; in future it will be human, not commercial freight, that suffers from the torpedo. And there is not much point in talking about disarmament when the striking force is transferred from the sea to the clouds.

In the next war I shall join up at once, even if an octogenarian; and not altogether out of patriotism. As a combatant I shall feel that there is at least some chance of surviving; as a civilian there will be virtually none. And I personally would sooner survive as a militarist than die as a pacifist.

In this connexion there is an illuminating sentence in Mr. Harold Nicolson's 'Life of Lord Carnock,' which seems to me to point a useful moral. "The war of 1914-18," he writes, "was caused by a false conception of international values—that national egoism was an honourable, and indeed a necessary thing." There is truth in that, if not perhaps the full truth; but are we not to-day suffering from an equally false conception—that while we talk of peace and pacts we think in terms of war and tonnage?

Are the children likely to make a greater success of false logic than the parents of false principles? I doubt it. What is the use of renouncing war as an instrument of policy while devising rules for submarines, which can only be intended for the next war? I do not suggest that there is any conscious insincerity in these contradictions. But muddled thinking always leads to muddled action, charges of broken faith, suspicion, and distrust, and these things are in fact the parent of war.

Bishop Barnes has done wisely to issue a calm and dignified summary of his attitude in the difficult legal case in which he is resisting the institution of a clergyman to a benefice in his diocese. His statement is, of course, *ex parte*, and open to comment and criticism by his opponents, but it does help to dissipate the atmosphere of misunderstanding which not unnaturally arose from the Bishop's failure to appear in the recent legal action. Presumably he acted on advice, but even so, his silence was open to misconstruction.

The case itself is by no means simple, and I understand that ecclesiastical lawyers, who are somewhat of a race apart, are not entirely at one on the matter. Dr. Barnes's refusal to institute is based on the fact that the incumbent proposed

by the trustees refuses to pledge himself against Reservation of the Sacrament, which the Bishop regards, and rightly so, as being illegal in the Church of England. He adds—and again, I think, rightly—that in practice it is difficult to distinguish these and kindred customs and doctrines from transubstantiation, as to which there is no dispute that it is non-Anglican.

The difficulty in the way seems to be the Gorham Judgment. In that famous case, eighty years ago, another Bishop refused to institute another clergyman, on the ground that his views were not sound on Baptismal Regeneration. The Privy Council (assisted by the two Archbishops) pronounced that the language of Mr. Gorham on this intractable subject was not inconsistent with the Articles of the Church—a judgment which is not quite the same thing as an affirmation of orthodoxy—and the clergyman was instituted while the fiery bishop blasphemed, or at least got as near to blasphemy as is permitted to episcopal (and therefore regenerate) nature.

That was a defeat for the High Churchmen, and incidentally the deciding factor in Archdeacon Manning's conversion to Rome. But the Gorham situation seems now to have reversed itself—with the result that Bishop Barnes contemplates leaving Bishops court for prison, rather than institute the Anglo-Catholic clergyman (who happens, a little unfortunately, to be supported by the Bishop of Truro). This would at once cause an open scandal, and incidentally almost compel the High Churchmen to support Bishop Barnes for having thus demonstrated their own favourite doctrine of spiritual independence.

It has for some time been clear that the establishment of a more rigid discipline in the Labour ranks was provoking serious discontent, and the recent article of Mr. W. J. Brown, M.P., in the *New Leader*, leaves no doubt as to the intention of the Independent Labour Party to revenge itself upon the Prime Minister by exploiting this dissatisfaction for all it is worth. Mr. Brown, in short, accuses the Government of covering up its move to the Right, namely the arrangement with the Liberals, by a violent offensive against the Left.

The I.L.P. is also interesting itself in the affairs of the St. Albans Division, where an exceedingly delicate situation, from the Labour point of view, has arisen. Miss Monica Whately, who fought the seat in the Labour interest at the last General Election, has been re-adopted by the local Executive, but her candidature has not been endorsed by headquarters in London, on the ground that she is a prominent member of the Open Door Council, a non-party organization whose programme does not altogether meet with the approval of the Labour Party.

The *New Leader* pertinently asks how many more organizations are to be put upon the Labour black-list, and there can be no doubt that there is a great deal of sympathy for Miss Whately in feminist circles, even outside the ranks of the Open Door Council. If the next General Election is postponed for twelve or eighteen months, as

appears highly probable, Mr. MacDonald may well find that the I.L.P. has made him pay dear for his alliance with the Liberals.

The Gloucestershire captain seems to have provoked a violent storm of controversy by his suggestion that county cricket should be played on Sundays, and so far he has found singularly few cricketers to agree with him. The opposition to the proposal is not based upon religious grounds, but rather upon the fact that the players—and the pitch—must have one day's rest in the week, and that Sunday is the most convenient day on which to refrain from playing, and with this I am inclined to agree.

The same problem has always faced those who wish to open the theatres on Sunday, and it has never been settled. At once there arises a violent dispute as to which other day in the week it is better for them to remain closed, and finally the line of least resistance appears to be to leave things as they are. After all, it would be a great inconvenience if the purveyors of the various forms of amusement chose different days to suspend their activities, and it is far better for them all to close down on the same one, so that from this point of view the traditional English Sunday is not without its uses.

One hears a good many complaints from parents that the schools have broken up too early this Easter, that a ten weeks' spring term is too short, and a fourteen weeks' summer term too long. Apart from questions of economy on light and heat, the schoolmasters have probably got a good reply; the movable Easter is no doubt a nuisance to them as to other people. But it would perhaps be well for them to explain their policy in the matter of holidays. Paterfamilias recognizes humbly that he is the least of all God's creatures, but even he is allowed an occasional squeak.

The conflicting reports that come from India are being very freely discussed, and some people, who quite recognize the difficulties of the Government, are a little disturbed at the policy which arrests Gandhi's followers, but allows the leader himself to go scot free. It must be assumed, of course, that the Government is taking the long view, and that it is in possession of information not available to the ordinary man. But the method of catching the minnows and allowing the big fish to roam about at will is one whose logical justification is not immediately apparent.

Summer-time has come in, as usual, with wintry weather, and a cold snap accompanies the lost hour and makes virtue itself seem more virtuous. Nature has never really been to sleep this winter, and in some gardens the last rose of summer is still on the bushes, while stocks are blooming along with the primroses and daffodils—an odd conjunction which should puzzle the bees if that industrious proletariat ever had time to think. But at the moment the oncoming spring hesitates to advance, and the paradox that a late Easter is usually a colder Easter than an early one seems likely to repeat itself.



## A POLITICAL BUDGET

WE trust that we shall not lay ourselves open to a charge of excessive partisanship if we state that our first reflection upon reading the speech of Mr. Snowden on the introduction of the Budget was that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had, in the formulation of his proposals, his eye as much on the political situation in the country as on the national finances. Twenty-one years ago Mr. Lloyd George introduced the first Budget that was designed primarily for the attraction of votes to the Government of the day, and Mr. Snowden has bettered his predecessor's example. The more the details of his proposals are examined the more clear does it become to all, even the blindest and the most prejudiced of observers, that he has embarked upon a course of despoiling those who usually vote Conservative for the benefit of those who can be relied upon to vote Labour; though not, of course, without a sop here and there to the Liberals, whose support is essential for the passage of his proposals into law. The Budget, in short, is a political Budget, and it is framed far more in the interests of the Labour Party than in those of the nation, at which, indeed, it deals a very damaging blow.

If any of our readers consider that these strictures are more severe than the occasion merits, we would ask them to reflect for a moment upon Mr. Snowden's attitude towards unemployment, admittedly the gravest national problem of the day. The lapse of the Safeguarding Duties, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplates almost with glee, cannot fail to increase very considerably the number of unemployed in the industries concerned, quite apart from the loss of revenue which he so light-heartedly abandons in his devotion to the theories of Free Trade. Then, again, it has been repeatedly proved that with the income tax at its present high level any increase, however slight, is bound to result in economies on a large scale on the part of that section of the population upon which it falls, and yet he has not hesitated to increase it by another sixpence, which cannot fail to result in further unemployment as the inevitable consequence of the reduction in the spending power of those whom it will affect. If this is the treatment that Mr. Snowden metes out to the income-tax payer when his hands are tied by the absence of a Socialist majority in the House of Commons, we tremble to think what his fate, and consequently the effect upon unemployment, will be if ever the supporters of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are in a position to have it all their own way in Parliament. Clearly, in Mr. Snowden's eyes, the unemployed are mere cannon-fodder, whose only use is to be bribed by the dole into voting for Labour candidates, and naturally the more of them there are the better. Of the gravity of the problem of which they are the outward and visible sign he has no conception whatever.

Indeed, not the least notable feature of this Budget is the extent to which it reflects the prejudices of its author. He would rather British industry should perish than abate one jot of his old Free Trade heresies, and his Puritanism will allow him to sacrifice any amount of revenue

rather than take a shilling out of the pocket of the bookmaker, for that, of course, would be to admit the interest of the State in gambling. We do not, however, observe the same reluctance on Mr. Snowden's part to exact a contribution from that other detestable vice, namely, the consumption of alcohol, but then, of course, the yield is far greater. Once again, one is induced to wonder how much longer the interests of this country are to be sacrificed to the shade of the lamented Mr. Cobden. Here was an opportunity for Mr. Snowden to show himself great enough to subordinate his prejudices to the national good, but he has not availed himself of it, and the nation will be the poorer for the smallness of his mind.

The proposed taxation of land values is, of course, a bone to the Liberal Cerberus, in the hope, perhaps, of satisfying the beast's appetite until such time as he can be gorged with a banquet of electoral reform. For our part we believe that Mr. Snowden is too late in the field, and that the yield from this source will ultimately prove to be trifling. The increment in the land values has been caused by the enormous amount of building that has taken place during the past fifty years, but as we are already within sight of the day when the population will have become stationary, that development must necessarily be nearing its end, and so there will ere long be no fresh increment to tax. Mr. Snowden was so vague in this aspect of his proposals that we should not be surprised if he were aware of this fact, particularly since it is so elementary; but Liberal support must be bought, and as he has not got millions at his disposal to build unnecessary roads, this was as good a bone for Cerberus to gnaw as any other. That the Liberal Party is content with the very smallest of small mercies is apparent from the favourable reception it has given to the Budget as a whole.

It is, of course, true that for centuries every Budget that has proposed any substantial increase in taxation has been denounced as ruinous to the national interests, and yet the country has survived. The situation to-day, however, is very different from what it has ever been before, for, in sober fact, we are now near the end of our tether. Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and, though to a lesser extent, even Mr. Lloyd George, could add to the burden of taxation with the knowledge that the resources of the nation were increasing, but this is no longer the fact. At the best they are stationary, and in reality they are probably diminishing. There is no margin left which makes it safe for Chancellors of the Exchequer to indulge their whims and fancies, as Mr. Snowden has done, at the country's expense.

This, then, one of the most critical hours in the history of Great Britain, is the moment that Mr. Snowden has chosen to translate Socialist theory into Government practice. He has not, of course, gone the whole hog, but he has gone as far as he dared. He has shown that he possesses to the full his party's insane belief in the existence of a reservoir of wealth which, by merely turning a tap, can be made to irrigate the arid wastes of the Marxian Utopia. When the situation demanded constructive statesmanship of the highest order, he has displayed merely the skill of a juggler, balancing Socialist certainties, in the matter of votes, against Liberal probabilities. It is true that, thanks very largely to the wild



promises made by himself and his friends at a time when they did not expect a speedy return to office, Mr. Snowden had a large sum to find, but he might have raised it by broadening the whole basis of taxation, instead of placing the entire burden upon shoulders that well may prove unable to stand the strain. In fine, the nation had hoped to find in the present Chancellor of the Exchequer a financier of the first rank, but his Budget has revealed him in all his nakedness as a mediocre politician.

### THE BRIDGE AND THE BLOT

**A**FTER about a quarter of a century of talk and a prolonged warfare between architects, the Charing Cross bridge scheme now resembles an attempt to act Hamlet after pushing the Prince of Denmark into the wings. The core of the whole project has always been the removal of the railway station to the south side of the Thames, although the precise benefit to the community involved in transferring a terminus with an ideal situation in the central area to a site which is both unsuitable and deliberately designed to inconvenience regular passengers has never been made clear.

Whatever the merits of the Charing Cross bridge scheme, an historical survey of the project reveals the fact that it was originally based on an extremely slender foundation conjured up by a small number of people who assumed, without convincing proof, that the removal of the railway station was desirable. It then attracted the benevolent attention of the Ministry of Transport, whose panacea for dealing with the London traffic problem invariably assumes the form of methods designed, not always with success, to speed up vehicular movement on certain sections of highway without overmuch reference to the possibility of that acceleration creating or accentuating congestion in the immediate neighbourhood. Sight was, in fact, not lost of such a possibility when the Charing Cross scheme was considered, but the House of Commons Committee has accepted the evidence of Sir Henry Maybury, that a new road bridge would not present any "insuperable difficulty," provided the Strand were adequately widened.

But, after accepting the scheme in principle, the Committee last week decided against that part of the project concerning the proposed site of the new railway terminus. Its reasons appear unexceptionable enough; the station plans embody architectural details which are the reverse of æsthetic, and the development of property will be sterilized by the lay-out of the station and its approaches. In short, the station, which, we may emphasize, is the kernel of the whole project, is, to use the words of Sir Henry Cautley, the chairman of the committee, "the great blot on the scheme."

There the matter rests for the present. The Westminster and London County Councils do not appear to know exactly what to make of the situation. Nor does the Southern Railway, which has never desired to cross the river, but was prepared to do so if given a suitable new site and adequate

compensation. The railway company agreed to support the scheme only on the distinct understanding that the site, the choice of which involved lengthy consideration, would be approved, and its directors may be pardoned if they consider that their assent was accorded under false pretences. Considerable delay will certainly result from the Committee's decision, if the result is not to quash the scheme altogether. The delay may, however, serve the good purpose of affording further time for considering whether the project is necessary or desirable, and whether the millions of public money which it is proposed to spend could not be laid out to better advantage, as, for instance, in the widening of main traffic arteries in the Central London area. A little further delay will not in the circumstances be fatal, and it is to be presumed that the British Empire will continue to function even if the scheme be abandoned in its entirety.

### EMPIRE ECONOMIC CONFUSION—II

By Sir Benjamin Morgan

**B**EFORE outlining, which is all one can do in a review article, what appears to me to be thoroughly practical steps toward Empire Free Trade that can now be taken, mention must be made of a few cardinal points involved in the whole problem.

The Continent of Europe is thinking to-day, and is proceeding in many directions to act, as a single economic unit. In coal, iron and steel, sugar, locomotive engineering, electrical manufactures, and other industries, cartels and regulating conferences already exist. Nearly all the principal European countries are to-day world exporters of the bulk of the goods they imported previous to the war. Can Great Britain join such a unit? Lord Melchett has shown that such a step would disintegrate the Empire politically and economically.

America—or rather the United States—is a vast integral economic empire controlling marvellously productive tropical areas. Excepting in a few luxury items and highly specialized goods, British trade is debarred by ever-growing tariffs. There is virtual free trade within her Empire. She, more than Europe, acts as a single economic unit, and we have just as much chance of penetrating her vast stronghold of trade as a fishing smack would have in a fight with a battleship. She knows that if her tariff wall was removed British industries would swamp the United States with goods, despite her mass-production methods, for we still have the best labour and industrial brains in the world.

There is no question of our joining this unit, even if we wished, for we have nothing to bargain with. Why should the United States, in any case, make a bargain when under our present conditions she can get all she wants without it, by economic penetration and financial control of our vital industries? The economic conquest of the British Empire is the mainspring of her policy, and she boasts of the progress she is making in that direction. Let us face the facts. Her money power; her progress, prompted by the President, of coalescing industrial enterprises into prodigious units; the big, long-range views of her business men are together a menace to Empire industry and trade. Her business keenness excites our profound admiration, and our present inability to withstand her attacks is rapidly producing a feeling of profound misgiving as to the future in the minds of our business men.

We are not considering a fight for supremacy, but a fight for existence. Our trade with nearly all foreign markets is decreasing year by year. Our only expanding markets are with the overseas Empire. Yet the Dominions and Colonies are doing a larger import trade with foreign countries than they are doing with us.

This is no matter for parish pump politics. It is an Empire-wide question. Economically we are mutually dependent units in the British Empire. Why, therefore, should we not get together and evolve a common policy of defence and development for the mutual benefit of all the peoples of the Empire in common? Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Melchett have propounded a policy of Empire Free Trade, with the assistance of an Empire tariff against foreign goods (of the nature that foreign countries use against us), that would make us far more prosperous than the people of the United States; for their natural resources are almost fully developed, while ours have barely been scratched.

What are the first practical steps that can be taken to bring about Empire Free Trade? We have tried voluntary preferences in tariffs, and in a measure they have been extremely beneficial. Every reduction of duty in favour of our own nationals brought us a step nearer to free trade. But voluntary preferences are open to the great objections that, in so far as this country is concerned, they only apply in cases where duties already exist, and generally throughout the Empire they are unstable in their effects, through constant manipulations by party politicians year by year. Being also purely voluntary and given without previous consultation with the business interests concerned, they are unscientific and, in many cases, totally ineffective. *We have reached the end of voluntary concessions in existing tariffs, and must replace those preferences by more businesslike arrangements.*

The alternate method, and the only way that I can see open to us, is the negotiation of a system of intra-Empire reciprocal commercial agreements. The framework of such agreements could have a common application to each separate Dominion, Protectorate, Colony, or group of Colonies, but as a result of round-table negotiations, maximum reciprocal concessions on purely business lines might be embodied in each separate case. Reciprocities might cover the fields of finance, migration, shipping services, marketing and warehousing facilities, as well as preferences in tariffs.

One has only to visit the Dominions and India to realize that even if it were desirable, which I very much doubt, it would be impossible at this stage to arrest the development of secondary industries, and such agreements would have to provide for co-operation with the overseas Empire in the development of such industries.

Lord Melchett has shown what can be done in this direction in the chemical industry. It is not suggested that there are many industries that lend themselves to definite merging and control as do chemicals, but all the leading industries of the Empire can be dealt with on a rationalization scheme. The iron and steel industries of Great Britain could come to an understanding, and co-operate and not compete with the branches of the industry established in Canada, Australia, India, and other places, leaving each country to make such products as it can economically do, and in return give to Great Britain free entry for the remainder of the products of the industry—an adequate tariff protection against foreign countries.

Great Britain could give financial facilities for the development of certain elements of the industry, and co-operate also in technical and research work which the overseas Empire countries could not for many years provide for themselves. All these understandings and agreements in each separate industry, so

far as they apply to the two countries concerned, could be embodied in a formal reciprocal agreement made between the two governments concerned, and covering a minimum term of years.

If a mandate cannot be obtained to tax foreign food in Great Britain, and thus give a prior call on this market to overseas producers, in front of the foreigner—an almost unthinkable situation—there seems to me to be no alternative but to adopt a bulk-purchasing system at fixed prices based on the cost of production. Any such proposal based on world prices would be fatuous, as such prices are very often dumping prices and have no relation to the cost of production.

Countries like the United States export only their "surpluses" and in no case does the United States export more than 18 per cent. of her production, whereas the Dominions and Colonies in many of their principal products have to rely on export of a percentage of from 50 to 90. Under such a reciprocal trade agreement policy the "home" market would be the Empire market, with free Empire trade always for the bulk of its products, and duties would only exist for revenue purposes and conserving local industries by mutual agreement, and with whole-Empire co-operation every primary industry would have the first call on its own local markets, and would then place the rest of the Empire in front of the foreigner. Manufacturing industries would by rationalization thrive in that part of the Empire where they could most economically do so, thus bringing about a wider distribution of men and machines.

The day has gone past—and the sooner we recognize it the better—when it is possible, even if it were desirable, to concentrate the woollen industry in Yorkshire, the cotton industry in Lancashire, the cutlery and hardware in Sheffield and Birmingham, or the pottery industries in Staffordshire. We can only hold our own in the world by becoming a great whole-Empire economic unit.

Lord Melchett has already begun the work of investigation into this great problem of rationalization of Empire industry, through the Empire Economic Union, and by co-operation with the principal industries themselves will be able, when the time is ripe, to point a way to the practical realization of this policy.

The Balfour Note, making known to the world the independent political status of the Dominions, was the signal to encourage foreign nations to approach the Dominions to conclude with them reciprocal commercial treaties, and they are bringing increased pressure to bear on the Dominions to enter into such treaties. If we are ever to bring about the idea of economic unity, we must enter into such treaties as we have here been discussing without much further delay.

In a recent tour through the Dominions the writer explored with Ministers and responsible officials a great part of the field that would be covered by such agreements. One Prime Minister remarked, "Tell your Government to send a commission here to negotiate a reciprocal commercial agreement, and we will give you such generous terms as will surprise the people in the Mother Country." Another Prime Minister said, "My Government entirely approves the principle of such agreements as a means of promoting Empire trade and development, and I will ask our Tariff Board forthwith to go into the matter." At numerous meetings with business men which I addressed on the subject, in the four great Dominions, most cordial approval of such a policy was expressed.

Here we have in such reciprocal agreements a solution to that tangle of economic confusion in which the Empire finds itself to-day, and a means of defence against the onslaughts of the other two great economic units of the world.



## GANDHI AS I SAW HIM

[FROM A SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT]

THE first time I saw Gandhi was when he was threatening to report a native policeman for impertinence. It was outside the Fordsburg coolie compound, near Johannesburg. With a perfectly devastating flow of conversation, he was explaining that being "a barrister-at-law" made him a white man. The peccant constable, a huge buck Zulu with a grin three feet six inches wide, had told Gandhi, if he was a white man, to go and wash his face. That was in 1903, when Mr. Edgar Wallace was editor of the *Rand Mail* and the late Mr. Monypenny edited the *Star*. Gandhi was then a babu lawyer in the Witwatersrand native court.

In December of that year, the first outbreak of plague in the Transvaal, then, as always, attacking Asiatics first, was reported in the Fordsburg location. Sanitary officers and squads of police were brought up, literally at the double. They arrived to find several dead coolies, neatly folded up in parcels, whose friends had been waiting for days for a convenient opportunity to bury them, during which time the others had been going in and out, hawking fruit over the Rand. A cordon was made and an iron fence put up to stop escaping rats. When the inmates had been removed, the filthy huddle of hovels made of crates and egg-boxes was splashed with paraffin and burnt. When the plague was reported clear, the total deaths were seven whites, ten natives and eighty Asiatics. The white deaths included one nurse and two young medical men—all volunteers. Among the natives were two Zulu policemen, whose steady devotion to duty amid the half-crazy denizens of the location had cost them their lives.

It took several days before the compound could be cleared, and during that time there were coolie riots. Wildly excited groups outside the police cordon were throwing stones because unable to get in and rescue their belongings. Every now and then, other groups inside would scatter and make dashes to get out with their baskets of grapes and bananas.

This was the occasion of Gandhi's debut in his now Empire-wide rôle as professional martyr, making himself, as a much-worried health officer put it, "a worse plague than bubonic," by pestering everybody as coolie's champion. He held open-air meetings protesting against the coolies outside not being allowed to get in and those inside being unable to get out. He made trouble and when violence came furiously accused the police of provocation. He accused the Johannesburg Press of falsehood and tried to set the crowd on the reporters, of whom the writer was one.

He forced himself on officials. When told to go away, he insulted them. When pushed aside he complained of assault and insisted on being given names and addresses and applied for summonses. He went to Marshall Square police station and made complaints there. He refused to leave and, when put outside, applied for summonses against officers there.

I saw a good deal of Gandhi in those daily rows outside the Fordsburg location. He made trouble for everybody but himself. Somehow or other, when the native police got busy with their knobkerries among rioters, Gandhi happened not to be in the crowd at the time. His obsession, of course, is colour hatred. This led him into monkey tricks which nearly got him into trouble with a band called the Johannesburg Pioneers. There were plenty of young male Asiatic typists, but, knowing the strong feeling that there was against it, Gandhi used to employ white typists. These were girls just out from home, too ignorant to feel that healthy sense of shame which is the best safeguard of white women. The irritation he caused led to threats. Then Gandhi gave way.

## RELATIVITY

BY PETER TRAILL

THE capital at the moment is twenty million francs; we are going to increase it by issuing another twenty thousand shares at eight hundred francs a share. Do you follow me?" The speaker, Fred Goward, was a good-humoured man in the middle forties with a small, dark moustache and hair brushed sleekly back from its peak in the middle of the forehead. At that moment, in a restaurant off the Strand, he was entertaining his young friend, Graham Kingham, to a good dinner and was trying to persuade him to take a further block of shares in a French company in which they were both interested.

Graham Kingham was in the late thirties and, like his friend, had a benevolent face. Clean shaven, with a pointed nose which belied his talent for seeing the amusing side of things, he listened to Fred Goward perfunctorily.

"You're paying no attention to what I'm saying to you."

"As a matter of fact I wasn't; I was thinking that I ought to be dining with my fond mama. At least, that is what I told my wife." Fred Goward raised his hands in mock despair.

"Was that necessary?" he asked. "When one is innocent . . ." he broke off abruptly. "I say, have you noticed the balcony?" he continued. Kingham's face dropped.

"You don't mean to say that you have seen her."

"I certainly have, and she's seen me. I distinctly caught her eye."

"That look was meant for me," Kingham said severely. "I saw her when we came in and we've been looking into each other's eyes ever since—except when I was chasing my caviare about. She's rather delicious." Goward tapped his friend's arm.

"Never mind about her. About this company, I shan't have any difficulty in placing the new capital."

"I'm having a terrible difficulty; there's a pillar in the light. What do they want to build restaurants with pillars for?"

"So that women can get away from men like you. Now seriously . . ."

"But I am serious, I think that she's delightful. She's got those misty blue eyes which remind me of those blue butterflies, and as for her nose . . ."

"It looks like one of those ice-cream cones." But Kingham was not to be deterred.

"I wonder what her figure's like?" he said.

"Talking of figures," Goward tried again, "I want you to take up five hundred of the new issue . . ."

"My dear man, you can't find five hundred like her. She's a dream and she's all alone. I think the most pathetic thing in life is a pretty woman all alone." Goward made a weird noise in his throat. "You know," Kingham continued, "I don't think she'd mind much if I went upstairs and told her that I'd known her when she was no higher than a table leg."

"She'd have great respect for your powers of recognition." Kingham paid no attention to his friend's ill humour, but continued to gaze upward.

"I shall have that pillar removed shortly," he said savagely. "I'm sure that the roof can get on very well without it." At that moment a waiter presented the lady with her bill and Kingham rose impetuously to his feet.

"This is too much," he said.

"It probably is," Goward agreed.

"I shall risk it; it's now or never. See you later." He walked rapidly towards the stairs and Goward leaning back in his cushioned seat watched him ascend.



Full of smiles and with hand outstretched he advanced to the attack.

"This is most frightfully lucky," he said when he had approached near enough. "I'd no idea that you were in town—and alone too." He appropriated the empty chair opposite to her.

"I should have thought that you had a perfectly good idea, at least you ought to have considering that you haven't taken your eyes off my table for the last half an hour," she replied.

"Oh! but I have . . . there were a couple of minutes when my caviare was bothering me no end, and that infernal pillar . . ."

"You've worn a hole in that." The waiter brought the lady back her receipt and she rose. So did Kingham.

"I say, you're not going," he said, thoroughly alarmed.

"Good heavens and why not?"

"Why?" Kingham repeated desperately, "because I haven't seen you since you were so high." He spread his hand out at the height of the table. "You've grown into a most lovely woman." Unprepared for the assault the lady sat down again.

"You've a wonderful memory," she said coldly. "So have I. I remember you quite well. You were an objectionable little boy who was always sucking liquorice and hitting strange little girls in the park."

"I never."

"Now since we've recognized each other to your satisfaction—if not to mine—I think you'd better re-join your friend as I'm going." She nodded towards Goward. "He looks as if he were sickening for something."

"He is, for money; but I'm much worse off because I'm sickening for—I was perfectly right about your eyes, only I think perhaps they are more the colour of love in idleness."

"Love in a fog would describe your condition more accurately."

"I'm quite aware of my condition; the question is, what are you going to do about it?" A twinkle appeared in the lady's eye to be immediately suppressed.

"I'm going home," she said. Kingham, taking a glance at her hands, saw that she was wearing a wedding ring.

"Back to slavery and drudgery!" he exclaimed. "You can't do that, besides your husband will be out, husbands always are." She gave a start of surprise.

"So I have a husband?"

"Well, haven't you?" There was a pause.

"And have you a wife?" she asked. Kingham nodded.

"Our sin is colossal," he said. "Have a Kümmel or something?" Before she could stop him he had summoned the waiter. "I'm going to have one." She hesitated and then smiled.

"Very well . . . just to keep you company." She looked down at the table where Kingham and Goward had been sitting. "But your friend has gone," she added.

"Oh, friends come and go," he said airily. "I'll get another one. You haven't gone and that is all which matters at the moment."

"You ought to have asked him to join us."

"He didn't know you well enough." The waiter brought the Kümmels and the lady looked at Kingham pensively.

"Do you know," he remarked suddenly, "I'm supposed to be dining with my mother to-night. It's amazing how young she's grown."

"That's curious," she replied, "Tom—he's my husband—is dining with his to-night, too."

"How fearfully fortunate! Does Tom's mother keep late hours?" The lady sipped her Kümmel

and the twinkle which before had been suppressed was allowed this time to remain.

"So so, and yours?"

"It rather depends on whether it is an extension night or not. To-night, for instance, she'll be turning in at about two o'clock. Shall we go and dance somewhere?" She considered a minute.

"I think perhaps we might risk it," she said at length. Whereupon she gathered up her cloak and they made their way to a club where they danced as little as Kingham could contrive.

The evening drew on, but they stayed until the place began to empty, when the lady rose with a gesture of finality.

"Come along," she said. "I'm sure your mother would be in bed by now. I've enjoyed myself."

"So have I," Kingham replied. He felt strangely sobered and not a little sad. She saw a look in his eyes which told her both these things and she laid a hand upon his arm.

"You're in great danger," she whispered.

"Of what?"

"Of taking life too seriously—at the moment," she said, walking away from him towards the door. In her wake he admired her figure anew and hastening, caught her up.

"You'll let me see you home," he pleaded. She shook her head and then relented a little.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"Victoria way." She thought a moment.

"I'll take you as far as the Berkeley Arms," she said.

"Do sons generally hold their mothers' hands?" she asked him when they sat together in the taxi.

"I always hold my mother's," he assured her.

"I also kiss her good-night."

"Very filial," she replied, edging toward her own side of the cab and turning her face away, in which position she stayed until they reached the Berkeley, which was emptying itself. There she turned round to bid him good-night and, her eyes sweeping beyond him, looked out of the window. In a moment her whole being changed and, shrinking back into her seat, she supported the collar of her cloak against her cheek and whispered to him:

"Tom's on the pavement—tell the man to drive on." With a commendable air of self-assurance Kingham leant out of the window and, telling the man to proceed to Hyde Park Corner, gazed with interest at a person of about forty who was standing with what he considered to be a very reasonable-looking girl waiting for a cab. The driver did as he was told and the lady revealed her face once more.

"He's got a very good-looking mother—your husband," Kingham remarked, taking her hand again. "So young too, though not so young nor so good-looking as mine." The lady suddenly laughed.

"You're perfect fools, you men," she said. "You can stop the cab now."

"But I don't want to; we haven't finished our talk on relativity yet."

"As far as I know we haven't begun it. I know nothing about refraction." Kingham threw up his hands in horror.

"Nothing so abstruse as that. Relativity, as I understand the word, is the state of having a relation. Tom will almost certainly kiss that mother of his good-night, or I don't know a good son when I see one. Don't you encourage me to be unfilial." The lady did not answer at once.

"If you'll stop the cab and promise to walk rapidly away out of earshot," she said at length, "perhaps you may behave like a good son." Kingham stopped the cab.

He told Goward afterwards, when he had agreed to take up five hundred more shares in his company in the name of his wife, that even he had no idea that relativity embraced so much.





## THE THEATRE

## TWO WAR PLAYS

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

*Suspense.* By Patrick MacGill. Duke of York's Theatre.*B. J. One.* By Stephen King-Hall. Globe Theatre.

**S**HALL I be very old-fashioned and lowbrow if I murmur complainingly that neither 'Suspense' nor 'B. J. One' is what I call a "play"? Not that I can define that word; I can only insist that it connotes something more than a stage, scenery, actors, and dialogue.

Suppose, for instance, I were to take a shorthand-writer to my club one evening; and suppose between eight-thirty and eleven he recorded *verbatim* the conversation of a group of members. I could then assign false names to the speakers, polish up the dialogue, add some stage-directions, and have the resulting words and movements learnt and reproduced upon a stage by actors. But should I have written a "play"? Obviously, no.

Now let us suppose I were to make it a war-time conversation. Early in Act One I might alarm my characters with an air-raid warning; during Act Two I might introduce a realistic reproduction of the sound of bombs and the firing of anti-aircraft guns; and the curtain would fall on Act Three as the "All Clear" came to relieve the anxiety. Would that be a play? Again—though less emphatically this time—No. Something more would be required. And that something (you may call it a dramatic treatment of the situation) is what is missing from 'Suspense.'

Like my imaginary home-front war-play, it has an essentially dramatic situation. A group of soldiers take over a dug-out under which the Germans can be heard laying a mine. Early in the play they realize the danger of their position, and for two whole acts they remain in that dug-out, wondering whether they in their turn will be relieved before the mine is fired. At the end of the second act they are in fact relieved, their suspense is over, and artistically the play should end there. Unfortunately, even in these first two acts Mr. MacGill has failed to handle his situation dramatically. The suspense should increase; instead, it first diminishes, and then completely disappears. And this is because the author has dissipated the dramatic interest with an apparently inexhaustible supply of songs, jokes, stories, and war-time back-chat. And he has done this—or so it seemed to me—because, not being a natural or "born" dramatist, he has failed to regard his situation dramatically. The third act is a sequel, rather than a conclusion. The soldiers are resting by the roadside on their way back to billets. Once again their creator seems not to know what to do with them, and the play stands still while they resume their joking, grouching and story-swapping, until at the very end news comes that the enemy has broken through, and the soldiers are ordered to make ready to resist an attack. Shells fall, there are some casualties, and the play is at an end.

Now, I cannot see that it would make any serious difference to 'Suspense' if the characters in this third act, instead of being those whom we saw in the dug-out, had been an entirely different squad of soldiers. I am not even sure that it is essential to the play that the characters in the second act should be the same as those in the first. And here, perhaps, we find a clue to that difficult question: what does one mean by a "play"?

A play must have dramatic continuity. Our attention, and if possible our interest, must be drawn

to, and kept fixed upon, a certain group of characters. And that group of characters must be kept within a certain situation, or series of related situations; and the last of those situations must be quite clearly the ending, and the first and only ending, of the story. Finally, between the beginning and the ending of the story, the situation must "develop," it must never remain stationary; we may at the end find the characters in precisely the same situation as that in which the author first revealed them to us, but they must in the meantime have been travelling, if only in a circle.

Now let us look at 'B. J. One.' Here we find neither continuity, development, nor ending. We find, indeed, three one-act plays, to which the author has attempted to give the appearance of a full-length three-act play by the ingenious device of using certain of the characters in each of his three, otherwise quite unconnected, episodes.

We start with a pre-war prologue, introducing us to two naval officers, one British and the other German, both of whom happen (by a perfectly legitimate coincidence) to be the sons of steel magnates. Then, for the whole of Act One, and for all but a few minutes of Act Two, we are allowed to forget the existence of Lieutenant Westley and Lieutenant Mannheim. In the first we see the conduct of naval operations in a room at the Admiralty; in the second, we are shown the bridge of a light cruiser during the battle of Jutland. It is perfectly true that a certain Major Westley intrudes himself into the former for no other reason than to mention that he has a brother in the Navy; it is also true that, by a rather brazen use of coincidence, the cruiser (in which Westley is serving) rescues Mannheim, whose ship has been torpedoed. But these coincidences are valueless dramatically, and merely impart a momentary artificiality to two otherwise extremely realistic scenes. And the whole of Acts One and Two could be deleted from the play without the slightest effect on the story. It is only when we reach Act Three that we resume the episode started in the prologue. It is now 1929. Westley has retired from the Service, and is now the owner of a steel works at Sheffield. We see him in his board room, endeavouring to persuade his brother steel magnates to join a Continental combine, the purpose of which is to—well, there is a long and rather airy discussion as to the economic consequences of joining it. A representative of the Continental "cartel" is expected. He arrives; and, of course, it is our old friend Mannheim, who also has retired and gone into the steel business. The discussion is continued, and the curtain falls.

Even in this final act there is no real continuity with the prologue, since it would make no difference to the situation if the Continental representative were a complete stranger (instead of being the German officer with whom, like Westley, we became acquainted with in pre-war days). Nor is there any dramatic necessity for this final, rather epilogic, scene. If it were omitted, the audience would merely think that 'B. J. One' was a very short, but not that it was an uncompleted play.

I do not wish to suggest that either of these later war-plays is not worth seeing. 'Suspense,' as a picture of the private's life in France, is both interesting and amusing, though not perhaps continuously so. And Mr. Denham, who produced it, has contrived for Act Three an astonishingly clever and curiously beautiful landscape, where we seem to be looking across miles of open country on a misty night. As for 'B. J. One,' the realism of the Jutland battle-scene is quite amazing. In this case Mr. Bach is the producer; and to him, as to the author and actors, and no doubt to many unknown others, I must express my gratitude for the most thrilling half-hour I have ever experienced in any theatre.



## THE FILMS MEDALS BUT NOT DECORATIONS

BY MARK FORREST

*Medals.* Directed by Richard Wallace. The Plaza.  
*The Queen's Necklace.* Directed by Gaston Ravel. The Palace.

IT is a perfectly sound argument that the art of film making differs from that of novel and play making, and that people who go to the films should expect to see a play reproduced exactly as it was performed on the stage or a novel portrayed precisely as it was written. The camera must do its own underlining and add its own emphasis. What, however, film goers have a right to expect is that the film director should in his medium catch and convey to his audience the spirit of the author whose story he has been engaged to produce.

There are people who fly from the spirit of Sir James Barrie as they would fly from the plague; there are others, and they are in the majority, for whom Sir James is a writer of whom they never tire and of whose sentiment and whimsicalities they cannot have enough; but however much these two schools may quarrel over their bone, they are both agreed upon what they mean when they use the word "Barriesque." It is therefore somewhat surprising to find at the Plaza that Mr. Wallace, who directed 'Medals,' which is founded on Sir James's playlet—'The Old Lady Shows Her Medals'—has so far in places missed the spirit of his author or deliberately ignored it that he has introduced vulgarity. That is merely placing an emphasis upon what was never in the original, and the story of the old charwoman who invents a son for the purposes of the war gains nothing and loses a great deal by such innovation. Miss Beryl Mercer and Mr. Gary Cooper both give excellent performances, the recording and the photography are good, and the picture, in spite of the customary mistakes in detail—in this case the uniforms of the sailors, the dresses of the women and the hansom cab give one a sense of unreality—is quite a fair picture of its kind, but it is not Barrie, which is exactly what it should be.

'The Queen's Necklace' is being shown at the Palace, and this film, which is founded on Dumas's well-known novel of the same name, is chiefly remarkable for its beautiful settings. The French government have come to the assistance of Monsieur Ravel, who directs the first French talking picture to be shown in this country and the result is a series of lovely pictures of Versailles. Helped by this and raised further by the costumes, which are a delight to the eye, the picture always holds an interest for the beholder even when the story halts.

The machinations of Jeanne de la Motte—played rather dully at first, but later with a much better grip by Margaret Jefferson-Cohn—are well-known and the whole tale of how she cheats the Cardinal de Rohan into thinking that Marie Antoinette has accepted the necklace from his hands, which was formerly refused from the hands of the King, is one with which most people are familiar. Monsieur Ravel unfolds it a little slowly, but it goes quickly enough once he has got into his stride, and from the discovery of the forgery to the whipping of "La Motte" the action does not flag.

Very little talking is in fact reproduced and this is just as well, for the recording seemed to me to be either too harsh or too muffled. There are two excellent performances by Diana Karenne as the unfortunate Queen and her double from the streets, and by Henry Harmond as Louis the Sixteenth; but what chiefly matters are the *décors* and the *mise en scène*. Monsieur Ravel has made Versailles live again before the eye for an hour and a half, and this is the sort of achievement which justifies the existence of films. The theatre could not span the gap with so secure a bridge.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—216

SET BY OLIVER WARNER

A. Dr. Johnson, having been induced to go to his first talkie, has a few words to say about it afterwards to his friends. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a paragraph of not more than 250 words in the manner of 'Boswell's Life' on this matter.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a generalization in the style and manner of Pope's 'Essay on Criticism' on Twentieth-Century Criticism. This may be appreciative or the reverse, but not more than 25 lines in length.

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 216A or LITERARY 216B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on the MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, April 28. The results will be announced in the issue of May 3.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 214

SET BY THE EDITOR

A. In an unusually hot summer, Lord Ashfield is disturbed by the discovery that the London public prefer his omnibuses to his tubes. In order to persuade them to see the error of their ways, he asks Mr. G. K. Chesterton to demonstrate in the well-known Chestertonian manner that the sun shines more brightly on the Underground Railway than on the best of the General omnibuses. Mr. Chesterton is unfortunately engaged in describing 'The Inconsequence of Father Brown,' and declines the task. The SATURDAY REVIEW, therefore, steps in and offers a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay of not more than 250 words in the Chestertonian style, demonstrating the superiority of the tubes.

B. A bank manager is asked by a charming young lady for an increase in her overdraft. Unfortunately, her face is her fortune, and bank directors, being without romance, are not enamoured of this type of security. The bank manager, however, being enamoured of the lady, thinks the ordinary form of refusal would prejudice his aspiration for her hand; and, being an ardent Tennysonian, composes a short poem in the manner of the laureate, beginning 'Ask me no more.' The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the two best short lyrics of this kind.

### EDITOR'S REPORT

214A. The Chesterton method presented few difficulties, but the true Chesterton style was seldom actually achieved by our competitors, who were brilliant, amusing or bizarre, but not often authentic G. K. C. Mr. Walter Harrison, Bébé, Suffolk, Roy Bridger, G. H. C., Pibwob and Miss Butterfield deserve mention; but the first prize must go to W. G. for the right stuff, and second prize to I. M. P. as runner-up.

## FIRST PRIZE

If I say that the tubes are superior to the streets, I suppose the Bishop of Birmingham will laugh, but deep down in his black heart he will know I am right. If I say the tubes are cleaner than the streets, Sir Arthur Keith may cut a brutal joke about medieval fallacies—Heaven help him!—and yet I daresay he values cleanliness, in a way. But if I say the tubes are sunnier than the streets, even Mr. Wells, who must at times feel rather ashamed of the other two, will ejaculate impatiently: "'Eng!'" in the manner of Kipps, whom I love, and then, wearily: "Another paradox. . . ."

But it is no paradox. The tubes are sunny, with the blinding, drenching sunniness of the Cockney character, the sunniness of Merrie England which has been driven underground by the flinty-hearted commercialism of our bank presidents and captains of industry and merchant princes, who will whistle up a smug policeman if I do but go down the Strand as the Strand ought to be gone down. The tube is the only place where Sam Weller could fight a ticket-porter or Mr. Tupman smile at a pretty girl without being thrown into a dungeon. As for the streets, they are grey under the menacing cloud that crept over them when the dreadful mills began to whirr. You will notice I do not say Satanic. Satan has his good points.

So I shall always travel by tube. Until the Bishop of Birmingham does.

W. G.

## SECOND PRIZE

If you want to see a thing as it really is, you must always approach it from the lowest possible level. Man was created out of the dust to converse with stars; and if he places himself side by side with the worms, he is far less likely to be blinded by the star-dust in his eyes. In short, man was created looking upwards, and that is still the only rational way in which he can view the rest of creation. If you want to write a true autobiography you must look at yourself through the eyes, not of your wife, but of the neighbour to whom you refused the loan of your garden roller. If you look at London from the top of an omnibus, you will see nothing but an over-populous ant-hill where greedy men in guilty confusion crawl after gain. If you come up to its busy streets from a tube station, you will find great men and lovely women walking as gods in a city of dreams. If the cow looked back while jumping over the moon, she must have become the most disillusioned bovine that ever provided an honest man's table with good old English beef. Imagination looks up; reality looks down. The General Omnibus Company's sunshine is generally obscured by fog, rain and the close proximity of somebody else's umbrella. Real London sunshine never decreases its brightness when looked at from the safe vantage-point of the Underground.

I. M. P.

214B. The distraught banker and his lady produced an extraordinarily large number of entries; including several from bank managers. These are not persons to be lightly offended; but not even the risk of pecuniary stringency in the future can tempt the judge to pass "sweetheart" as a satisfactory rhyme for "overdraft." I wish the perpetrator good luck as a banker, but his future as a poet seems precarious. "Fly with me" and "garnishee" may, perhaps, pass by ear, but did anybody ever fly with a garnishee? Another (not a banker) is disqualified for sending Tennysonian blank verse, not a lyric; the same applies to John Stantiall, whose banker-lover "staggered, then fell back and spoke no more" in the Enoch Arden style, and is regretfully disqualified for the same reason.

Honourable mention must be made of T. E. Casson, Pibwob, Miss Butterfield, Bank Inspector, Soul among the Profits, (!) Ernest Carr, Gertrude Pitt, N. B., H. G. Thrall, James Hall, H. F. Smalman-Smith and Hilda Trevelyan-Thomson. But the first prize indubitably goes to G. F. Moore, and the second to Pibwob.

## FIRST PRIZE

Ask me no more: the rose may call the bees  
To take their golden plunder, and the night  
Enrich the vale with showers of starry light;  
But O too fair, hast thou securities?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: the waves at length may crush  
The frowning rock; the winds may fell the oak;  
But cease, for though I would not have thee broke,  
Dear maiden, yet I should not make thee flush:

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: sad face and hand-bag void  
I grieve to see; in vain, in vain I strive.

No more, lest I against my will should give,  
And all my stern Directors grow annoyed:

Ask me no more.

G. F. MOORE

## SECOND PRIZE

Ask me no more: the debit items mount;  
That latest payment tips the quivering scale;  
Thy cheques, indeed, are just within the scale,  
But O, regard the charges to account.

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: for surely as I live  
I love—that is, I'd love obliging thee;  
Yet, O my friend, with no security?

Ask me no more: what answer can I give?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: I dare not pour again  
Fresh draughts of gold in thine exhausted cup,  
Lest the Head Office write to blow me up;  
No more can I advance, nor thou obtain.

Ask me no more.

PIBWOB

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

## SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

SIR,—I can feelingly support your plea for an increase in the number of Savings Certificates allowed to each holder. A few weeks back I was surprised to receive a printed communication from the Post Office advising me that I had exceeded the allotted number. On investigation it was found that I had run over the number five years ago. I confess that the fault was entirely my own, as the regulations are clear, but it seems that the Post Office have no record, or had no record of early purchases, and there must be very many who are in the same boat as myself. The Post Office is not generous in its facilities to the small man. Shortly after the war I took up a small quantity of some loan issue through it. Within two years I was informed that it was to be compulsorily redeemed. There must be hundreds of people like myself, to whom the intricacies of investing are a complete mystery, and to whom the simplicity of Savings Certificates appeals. The big man gets a big return for his

money without difficulty, but the others have to be content with a very small return for their hard-saved money. The Post Office might be much more helpful to the small investor.

I am, etc.,  
C. B. 95

### PROHIBITION

SIR,—Prohibitionists assert that prohibition is a religious and moral movement. Their chief argument, however, is that prohibition will bring economic prosperity to any country that adopts it. That is the argument of American prohibitionists; and their chief boast is that prohibition has actually brought economic prosperity to America. In answer to this argument, while I do not think that America has yet lost her soul (we have not yet found out that we have a soul), I will say, in the words of Christ, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

In order to show how far removed the spirit of prohibitionists is from the spirit of true religion, permit me to quote a passage from the Old Testament. The passage is one of the finest in the Bible, and ought to be familiar to every one; but I suppose that not one person in ten thousand knows it:

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls. Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Habakkuk iii, 17-18

Do Prohibitionists "fear God for nought"? Do they fear Him at all?

I am, etc.,  
CHARLES HOOPER

Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, U.S.A.

SIR,—Mr. S. A. P. Cooper, from the wine lands of France, queries the opinion of Mr. Hooper from the dry lands of Idaho, U.S.A., on the demerits of prohibition.

With my own personal experience I side with Mr. Hooper and say that prohibition has increased crime; the President has pointed out that half the arrests arise out of the Volstead Law; prisons are overcrowded and drunkenness is steadily increasing.

Prohibition is opposed to religion and the Bible, Cardinal O'Connell, R.C. Primate of U.S.A., said in a sermon that prohibition is "a drastic and futile attempt to compel virtue by statute" and "that which clearly Christ proclaimed and did in His daily life is denounced as accursed."

Prohibition is opposed to reason and common sense, for its only effect has been to stop the sale of drink in public places, and this at great expense to the taxpayer.

On the score of the welfare of society, it is again a failure. Miss Louise Biggall, of the Associated Charities of Knoxville, Tenn., says that prostitution was "much more serious than before prohibition" and that "younger girls were buying and drinking whiskey." Miss Alice M. Barrows, Chief Supervisor of Dance Halls in San Francisco, says, "Liquor is being given to boys and girls at a younger age than was possible in Licensed Saloons. . . . Prohibition has removed all control of the customer."

Your valuable space restrains me from further selections of the proofs of the futility of prohibition.

I am, etc.,  
HELENA THOMAS

Westgate, Sudbury

SIR,—It is surely rather a pity that Mr. S. A. P. Cooper's interest in prohibition has not led him to acquaint himself a little more closely with the facts concerning prohibition in America.

Is it true that "Prohibition has lessened drunkenness, crime and poverty in the United States"? What is Mr. Cooper's proof of this sweeping statement? Has he any?

Mr. Cooper asks for "trustworthy statistics." The assortment of prejudices concerning "intoxicating liquor," which he appears to possess, would probably induce him to accept the Anti-Saloon League as a "trustworthy" body. I therefore recommend him to peruse the Year Books of that body which afford ample evidence of the increase of crime and drunkenness in the big cities of America, since prohibition came into force.

But there is other evidence. Only yesterday I saw one of the new American talkies of the stage-door type. The drinking of champagne, by stage-girls, by young-men-about-town and by grey-haired and sedate American citizens, was a prominent feature of this entertainment. Strange that such a thing should emanate from a nation which has "cut out intoxicating liquor from its life"!

I am, etc.,  
J. STEWART COOK

21 Gower Street, W.C.1

SIR,—I desire to call the attention of those "wets," non-American as well as American, who favour beer and light wines, but who apparently raise their hands in horror at mention of distilled liquors, to the following passage from the Old Testament (Deuteronomy xiv, 26):

And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth. . . .

In this passage the Hebrew word for wine (*yayin*) is contrasted with the Hebrew word for "strong drink" (*shechar*), and the people of Israel were permitted to partake of both wine and "strong drink."

I am convinced that the "strong drink" referred to in this passage was a distilled liquor. If it had been merely a strong kind of wine it would hardly have been sharply contrasted with wine.

It is generally supposed that distilled liquors were unknown to the ancients. But such a supposition cannot be proved. It is also supposed that anaesthesia is a modern discovery. But I once came across a passage in the 'De Trinitate' of Hilary of Poitiers, a writer of the fourth century A.D., that shows unmistakably that the ancients were acquainted with anaesthesia. The passage is as follows:

Also when through some grave necessity, part of the body must be cut away, the soul can be lulled to sleep by drugs, which overcome the pain and produce in the mind a death-like forgetfulness of its power of sense. Then limbs can be cut off without pain: the flesh is dead to all feeling, and does not heed the deep thrust of the knife, because the soul within it is asleep.

('De Trinitate,' Book X, ¶ 14).

Since anaesthesia was known to the ancients, as I have just shown, it is possible enough that the distillation of liquors was also known to them; and the passage from the Old Testament that I have quoted above goes far to confirm such a belief.

I am, etc.,  
COMMON SENSE

Eastwood

### A CORRECTION

Owing to an oversight in our issue of March 15, the author of the book, 'Women Workers and Industrial Revolution,' p. 333, was referred to as a man. The correct name was Miss Ivy Pinchbeck.



## REVIEWS

## "K"—THE SOLDIER

*Kitchener.* By Brigadier-General C. R. Ballard, Faber. 18s.

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR has given us a full-length portrait of Lord Kitchener, and Lord Esher a view of the last phase of his life. General Ballard, an experienced soldier, is in a position to appraise him at his true military value. He says that he "has taken licence to go to the Officers' Mess and Club Smoking-room in search of those who served under Kitchener"; for "subordinates know what has happened in war, and sometimes why it has happened; no self-advertising swash-buckler can throw dust in their eyes. . . . Their verdict is unsparing, but generally very just." This is true, within limits. Some have risen to public eminence with very meretricious qualities, but with no great reputation in military circles. But the gossip of messes, clubs and camps is not always just; subordinates are seldom in a position to know all that has happened or why, particularly under a commander as reticent as Lord Kitchener; and, having a narrow outlook, they may fail to see a campaign or a military policy steadily, and see it whole.

The life of Lord Kitchener is naturally divided into four phases corresponding with the four scenes of his activities—Egypt and the Sudan, South Africa, India, and the Great War. There is no criticism of his work in the destruction of Mahdism, in which, said Lord Grenfell, who commanded in Egypt, "the operations were from start to finish conducted with a precision and completeness beyond all praise; skill in the advance was equalled by ability of command in the field. Never were such great results achieved at such trifling cost." General Ballard terms the Omdurman campaign "the best example of organization that has ever been seen in the British Army," and on page 222 calls Kitchener "an organizer of genius." Yet on page 366 he says that "contrary to general belief, he was not a good organizer"! Egyptian troops did well, but their behaviour before the introduction of British officers may raise doubts as to the ability of an independent Egypt to maintain peace and order, especially in the Sudan.

With regard to South Africa, controversy has settled on the tactics of the battle of Paardeberg. General Ballard condemns Kitchener's lack of method in attack, although in principle he was right; the Boers had to be rounded up. Sir George Arthur holds that his broad grasp of the situation stands vindicated; Roberts's subsequent nine days' operations resulted in immense mortality from enteric due to water poisoned with carcasses. In any case we can recall Napoleon's saying that "a general who has made no mistakes in war has never made war," and that "it is better to fight a sanguinary battle than to encamp troops in an unhealthy locality." Kitchener, in wishing to come to terms at his first meeting with Botha, proved himself a better statesman than Lord Milner and the English Cabinet; the same terms were agreed to eighteen months later at the cost of more blood and treasure.

Interest in India centres round his contest with Lord Curzon. Military opinion was with Kitchener, but those who served in the Military Department and at Army Headquarters were scarcely impartial. Lord Curzon was right in principle. The Department called for reform but not abolition. Lord Roberts's Committee expressed the view that "the concentration of responsibility for the whole supply of the army under the Commander-in-Chief is opposed to all

modern principles." General Ballard says that "the death of the Military Department was lamented by no one"; its effects were, however, revealed in the Mesopotamian Campaign.

In the last phase as Secretary of State, Kitchener laboured under great disadvantages. He had no European experience; according to Lord Esher "the iron of his soul had rusted"; he had to carry on a great war with an Office denuded of experienced staff officers; and he had to create an army. He had other things to contend with. There was a Cabinet of 22 politicians, and in 1915 he complained that he was "deadly sick of the system of intrigue." Recent publications enable the author to cast a fresh light on events; he refers to the continual criticisms of Sir Henry Wilson; the silent soldier shows up better than the talkative political general.

General Ballard rightly regards Smith-Dorrien at Le Cateau and Kitchener in staying French's retreat as "the saviours of the situation" which ended in the battle of the Marne. Later Kitchener suffered from a hostile Press, but the author proves him blameless in the matter of the shells. He was the one leader of vision. Men flocked to the Colours, attracted by the magic of his name. It is unfortunate that he permitted premature bombardment of the Dardanelles forts, but the Admiralty was responsible; his decision to withdraw in December 1915 was wise.

Kitchener's strength lay in simplicity of thought and action. There was an inevitable clash between the minds and methods of soldier and politicians, and loss of confidence was mutual, but he retained the confidence of the nation throughout; 21 months of war taught him his powers and limitations. Lord Esher and others say that his task was done. General Ballard shows that his soul was iron as of old. The results of his work were now to be seen. The period of preparation was at an end. The man who foresaw a long war, and took his measures accordingly, was justified. His armies were ready. He stood at this moment head and shoulders above all his contemporaries in all countries, whether soldiers or civilians. General Ballard concludes that his services would not have ended with victory in the field. "The man who had proved his statesmanship in urging a peace in South Africa in 1901 and criticized Milner's views as just but vindictive, might have saved Europe from the worst features of the Peace of Versailles." Who can say? As Lord Esher says in farewell, "he stood like Saul, 'higher than any of the people' . . . and was lost in the mist and spray of the angry sea."

R. G. BURTON

## THE DEATH OF AN IDEAL

*The Decline of the Medieval Church.* By Alexander Clarence Flick. 2 vols. Kegan Paul. 32s.

A GOOD many people nowadays are inclined to regard the Reformation as having been a most disastrous event from many points of view. This opinion is by no means confined to Roman Catholics, though they are entitled to regret it as much as anybody, since the half of Christendom which remained faithful to the old allegiance suffered equally, from a religious and cultural point of view, with the other half which revolted. The Church of the Counter-Reformation, though active and vigorous, was never the same.

We have to realize that men like Erasmus, Colet, and More, though extremely anxious for ecclesiastical reform, had no use for the Reformation. Colet, *felix opportunitate mortis*, died before it took place in England, More went to the block rather than have anything to do with it, and as for Erasmus,

Luther once stigmatized him as "the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth . . . a very Caiaphas." What these three great men wanted was an *entente* between culture and Catholicism; they knew only too well that culture and the Reformation as run by Luther would make bad bedfellows. Their ideal was a reformed and rejuvenated and educated Catholicism. Was their dream practicable?

The question, it may be said, is purely academic; the Reformation did take place, and Colet and his friends are dead and buried. But the question as to whether it is possible to unite culture and ecclesiastical religion, or culture with popular religion, still remains open. Is a successful religion bound to be tyrannical and corrupt?

Dr. Flick's two volumes provide material to enable the student to make up his mind with some degree of certainty on this question whether the Reformation was inevitable. He carries us from the close of the thirteenth to the close of the fifteenth century, and presents the history of the Church during that period as a gradual decline punctuated from time to time with sincere attempts at internal reform which were in different degrees abortive.

The survey begins with the quarrel between Boniface VIII and Philip IV, resulting in the victory of French nationalism, the subjection of the Papacy to French influence, and the "Babylonian captivity" at Avignon, which lasted until 1377, and included the reigns of seven pontiffs. Dr. Flick testifies to the good qualities of these popes, and holds that they were less subservient to the French monarchy than has usually been supposed. "The Avignon residence did not lessen the influence of the Papacy in Europe nearly so much as has been asserted." However, the cutting off of Italian resources rendered necessary a highly efficient if somewhat rapacious fiscal system. "The two fundamental characteristics of the Avignon Papacy," writes Dr. Flick, "were: first, the centralization of authority, and secondly, the development of finance into an efficient science." Of this financial system, which soon made the Papacy very unpopular, Dr. Flick gives a very interesting account. But the wholesale exactions of the Papal court called forth an energetic propaganda against the hierarchy, which paved the way for Wycliffe, Huss and Luther. It began to be realized that the Church was not the Mother of the faithful, but the Mother of the money of the faithful, as St. Catherine of Sienna observed. At the council of Vienne (1311) persistent and drastic demands for reform were presented, but little of value was accomplished. It was, indeed, errors of an opposite kind that were punished; John XXII condemned the "Spiritual Franciscans" (i.e. those who insisted upon taking literally the poverty rule of St. Francis), and turned over to the Inquisition those who would not submit. Six were burnt at Marseilles, and thirty-six men and eight women at Narbonne in 1318. Some sixty-six more of these literalists were burnt a dozen years later.

Yet while the Papacy at Avignon had attained its summit of secularization, a new school of mystical religion was arising in Germany, associated with the names of Eckhart, Tauler, Suso, Ruysbroeck, and Groot. Although this made no attack on the ecclesiastical organization, it presented a certain contrast to it, and helped to create an atmosphere more or less consciously hostile to it. Nor should it be forgotten that Europe at this time swarmed with heretical sects—Flagellants, Waldenses, Brethren of the Free Spirit, Fratricelli, and so on.

After the "Captivity" came a period of forty years (1378-1417) when two rival Popes disputed between them the headship of the Church—one at Rome, the other at Avignon. The resulting financial embarrassments were unlikely to cure the abuses which had already become a scandal to Europe.

It took two General Councils to settle the schism, and the demand for reform was again voiced by a number of writers such as Gerson, Langenstein, and others. The picture they paint of the condition of affairs is singular enough; the system seemed incurably corrupt. The result was the great Reform Councils of the fifteenth century. Of these Dr. Flick gives an exhaustive account. The battle resolved itself into a contest between conciliar and Papal authority, and in the end the conciliar theory was defeated and the Papal authority unified and strengthened. The actual reform, though attempted on an imposing scale, dwindled down to a few comparatively inadequate measures, and even these were not rigidly enforced. Meanwhile, the spirit of criticism was in the air, economic changes were taking place, and the intellectual ferment of the Renaissance was at hand. "The Church lost its last great opportunity to retain and preserve the unity of Christendom under one organization."

The conviction with which we rise from Dr. Flick's exhaustive study of two centuries of Papal history, is that it is a task of incredible difficulty to persuade an ecclesiastical organization to reform itself effectively. And his picture of the Renaissance Popes does not lead to the belief that things were likely to be any more susceptible to reform under them. This book is remarkably interesting, and throughout conveys the impression of being not propaganda but history.

J. C. HARDWICK

## THE MARTYRDOM OF AN EMPRESS

*The Empress of Austria.* By Karl Tschupplik. Translated by Eric Sutton. Constable. 12s.

THE three earliest popular successes that struck my boyish imagination from seeing them on every drawing-room table and from hearing them everywhere discussed are still vivid. They were 'The Sorrows of Satan,' over which servants and their mistresses were equally excited, the anonymous 'Englishwoman's Love-Letters' with which Mr. Laurence Housman was eventually credited, and the likewise anonymous 'Martyrdom of an Empress.' The last of these appeared in 1899, the year after the unfortunate heroine of Herr Tschupplik's new biography was murdered by a young anarchist for no other reason, he explained, except that he had resolved to murder some royal personage. Though to be murdered is almost a qualification for biography, and to be a murdered queen is to be sure of a popular halo, Elizabeth of Austria was a genuine personality, peculiar among royalties because she was obviously intended for sole rule or for private life, and had tastes and interests which might have made her remarkable even if her destiny had not been entangled in the tragic shadows that, while she still lived, were threatening to bring the House of Hapsburg to ruin, as if that family, apart from the dynasty, were the object of the furies and was to go down in terror to the grave. It is Elizabeth and not the Empress in whom we are mainly interested, and of how many royal victims can one say as much? That she was murdered for wearing a crown is the accident of her story. Her tragedy was the life that she had led, and not its end.

It is interesting to see that the new mode of biography is now the common mode of Europe, and so individual a woman as Elizabeth almost compels such a personal portrait as the author has attempted in this book. Indeed, Elizabeth would be the despair of the formal biographer. The very crown that she wore had to adapt itself to her own head at last.

The Wittelsbach family had produced its eccentrics before Elizabeth appeared, and she was the true



daughter of her father, the Duke of Bavaria, and inherited his passion for outdoor life, for horses, for climbing, for the wilder country pleasures. She was devoted to him, and it was his principle with her never to exercise his authority. With her mother it was different, for the Duchess was a lady with conventional and dynastic ambitions, who did not appreciate the tomboy of her daughters. Luckily, Elizabeth was not the eldest, so that her mother's hopes were not centred upon her, and, when the great chance came for the union of the elder with the young Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, Elizabeth was nearly left behind, for her decorum could hardly be relied upon even on a formal visit to the home of ceremonial, Vienna itself. It was a terrible blow to the mothers of both families when the young Emperor, asserting himself against his own mother for the first time, suddenly refused to propose to the elder sister and insisted upon marrying Elizabeth, whose merry voice he had overheard from an adjoining room. Such an opening would be indeed difficult to spoil, and Herr Tschuppik tells it admirably. She was only sixteen, and he was twenty-three, and the following year, 1854, the two were married.

It was all perfect at first, but a mother-in-law was in the background and was soon horrified by the uncerebral habits of the Emperor's young bride. Her private shopping was interdicted; her very conscience became the care of her mother-in-law, and, worst of all, in the inevitable friction that ensued, Elizabeth soon discovered that she could not look to her husband for support. He was as wax in the hands of his mother, and his one act of self-assertion, his marriage, had not freed him from her control. Indeed, no sooner was a daughter born than the august mother-in-law appropriated it. When a second daughter appeared, Elizabeth was made to understand that she had failed in her duty to the Throne. To be unqueenly was bad enough—and whoever had heard of an Austrian empress practising gymnastics?—but to produce no heir was worse. Only a wicked woman would be the mother of daughters! Within three years of her marriage, Elizabeth, in spite of her husband's devotion, had ceased to be a girl. She began to grow thin and pale, and to show an appetite for solitude which even the birth of a son did not cure. Indeed, he did not belong to her. He was only her duty to the throne. At the same time her husband began to drift beyond her, for with his defeat at Solferino, soon to be followed by his defeat at Koniggratz, the Emperor began to withdraw into himself. Nature, however, is a weaver of narrative that no human storyteller can hope to match, and at the moment when his wife's illness, and consequent absence on a sea-voyage, had made her almost vanish from his ken, he was to find her indispensable. On her return from Madeira, Elizabeth found that the Emperor's mother had not only taken possession of her children but demanded that the arrangement should be confirmed over a period of years. It was too much. Elizabeth rebelled. There was a dreadful scene between the two women, a painful interview with her husband when the awakened man was staggered to learn that his consort was going to leave him. She fled, and eluded the Imperial pursuers, to live alone, with the sanction of her husband, first on a yacht, then in one castle or another by the sea. The one sympathizer that she had was her mad cousin, Ludwig of Bavaria. With the Emperor there was no actual break, and when her husband was prostrated by Koniggratz, she yielded to his solicitations and returned.

She became his mediator with discontented Hungary, and won a lasting popularity there. She even attempted some compromise between her love of freedom and Court life, and sought relief in the famous castle that she built at Corfu. The death of Ludwig and the even more tragic suicide of her son Rudolf,

on which new light is thrown in an interesting chapter, confirmed her tragic view of destiny. "I am not an Empress (she said), I am a poor, hunted woman seeking peace." When her sister was burned to death in a conflagration at Paris, her comment was, "the end is not yet, but the end will come." A few more years of retirement, solaced by riding, until ill-health intervened, and by the study of Greek, which she was fond of talking, and she who had borne so much was needlessly murdered, though she had proved an excellent queen except at the routine of Court ceremony. No wild bird, condemned to a cage, however well fed, could have led a more arbitrary existence.

This is the synopsis of her story, from which, perhaps, the rich content can be guessed. It was clearly worth the telling, but the author has been captivated by his subject and we hear only the sympathetic side. It is true that sympathy is better than denigration, but why will biographers present only one point of view at a time? Elizabeth was certainly a sympathetic character, but the more sympathetic a subject is the greater should the biographer's detachment be. He must supply the contrast, show his queer people in their least forbidding light, and his most amiable sometimes from the point of view of those who differed from them. In his account of the traditional ceremonial that bored Elizabeth in Vienna, there is no imagination. Yet, when Shakespeare makes his king exclaim, "What art thou, thou idol ceremony?" and, with almost Elizabeth's human impatience add, "Can thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, command the health of it?" he gives such a picture of its splendours, and lingers so lovingly upon "the intertissued robe of gold and pearl," that the human instinct for ritual is as satisfied as the human sense of its shortcomings. Was there nothing more to be said for the Emperor and for his mother than we are allowed to overhear? By refusing to both any sympathy Herr Tschuppik misses the drama of his theme. The result is a good book, but not a fine one. He has blurred his contrasts, and smoothed away his shadows. He has accepted without question Elizabeth's attitude to life. She is made to dwarf the surrounding figures, though we are tempted to ask why so individual a character did not make a greater impression upon them. She deserves more than the martyr's renown, more, even, than a sympathetic biography.

OSBERT BURDETT

## AN UNCONVENTIONAL DIARY

Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew). *Her Diaries and Letters*. Edited by Lucy Masterman. Methuen. 21s.

"DULL breakfast. Luncheon with Maggie and Co., Nice. . . . To see Adelaide and G. . . Herbert the butler cut his throat last night. Alabama is settled all right."

A chance opening of Mary Gladstone's Diary showed this entry, on a date in 1872. And it is an entry that indicates as well as any other how unstudied and natural was the diary which she kept for sixty years. This diary was not written up, as one suspects of some more modern specimens of diary keeping, with one eye on a publisher. It strives for no literary graces. It is scrappy and inconsequent and often so intimate that many footnotes and a glossary are needed to explain the identity of many of the people met and mentioned by the diarist. And the diarist often used words and phrases from a "little language" spoken in the family circle and known as "Glynnese." In Glynnese Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were the Great People; unknown individuals were Maukins; to be pompé was to be pumped out; music was mujack and the concertina with which Arthur Balfour made his share of the mujack in



the family circle was known as *The Infernal*. But intimacies and incoherencies, though sometimes a little bewildering, help to make much of this diary very delightful and diverting reading.

Gladstone himself of course (and the E. Q., which was the Eastern Question) figure frequently in the journal of a daughter who was also something of a hero worshipper. There is an early record, in a letter, of a visit to the House of Commons, in 1864:

Dizzy made a speech lasting two hours and fifty minutes. Papa spoke for an hour and thirty-five minutes—and the contrast between the two! The first was simply full of stuff and nonsense, ungentlemanlike, and really inconsistent. The second was splendid. They say it was his best speech, and he did look so grand and noble when he got up and spoke, now with indignation, now with calmest contempt. . . .

Perhaps this partisan spirit was partly responsible for an entry, six years later, which read: "Have been reading Dizzy's book '*Lothair*,' which I consider snobbish and trash." More personal criticism of another literary figure at about this time also demands quotation:

Browning came in afterwards and made himself very agreeable, telling us all sorts of things about George Eliot. He says she has a mind capable of anything, but is easily discouraged. Mr. B. is not altogether a remarkable person to look at, and talks in a rather too self confident way. . . .

There is a later record of another meeting with R. Browning, "whom I liked less than ever. He talks everybody down with his dreadful voice and always places his person in such disagreeable proximity with yours and puffs and blows and spits in your face." Tennyson came in for rather kinder judgment despite the fact that at dinner at Hawarden "He snubbed me once or twice, but was afterwards very amiable. He is exactly like Shakespeare to look at." Tennyson read '*Harold*' to the family, with "evident enjoyment to himself"; but his enjoyment was not shared by all his audience. "Papa seemed sleepy and not forthcoming, Willy rather giggling, Helen fierce, Eleanor rapt, dropping her work and sitting entranced. Myself rather on pins and needles for Papa. . . ."

On a subsequent visit to the poet at Faringford, Tennyson proved even more amiable, and the diarist confided to her diary, in italics, "*He kissed me.*" But matters were brought to a more mundane level when Tennyson "told us that when the Queen took him all over the Mausoleum the only thing he was conscious of was the creaking of his boots."

There are many such delightful glimpses of other famous people—often before they became famous. A brief entry in 1882 runs ". . . Talked evening to Mr. Alfred Milner, a clever Balliol man who writes in *Pall Mall*." And in a letter, in 1882, describing a "strange, rather mad experience of the Tennant circle," there is a vivid little impression of the Margot who was to become Lady Asquith. Margot at eighteen was, in the opinion of the diarist, "perhaps the most really pretty and clever of the lot, her hair curling darkly all over her head, eyes large and deep, skin very pearly without much colour, and the most bewitching mouth. She sings, draws, plays violin and pianoforte, all with originality and charm. . . ."

A curious link may be noted between an early entry in the diary, in 1871, and the last letter, dated April 3, 1924, quoted in the book. The diary note recorded a visit "To the Queen's for '*Joan of Arc*,'" a highly sensational piece with extraordinary contrasts of the very worst and the very finest acting, of scenes of deathly dullness and the most tremendous excitement." The letter dealt with another play written round the same heroine, which apparently made no greater appeal to this critic.

"How foolish it is of the world to rave of '*St. Joan*,' for lack of someone speaking the truth. . . . Someone should show up Bernard Shaw."

And one is made to speculate how past and present will compare in another matter by a sentence caught in turning over the pages of this diary in 1880. Mr. Gladstone's Budget speech of that year, Mary was pleased to note, was described as "the greatest intellectual treat the House has had for years"—by the SATURDAY REVIEW.

## TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD

*London's Old Latin Quarter.* By E. Beresford Chancellor. Cape. 15s.

NO, it is not Soho, as you might suppose, nor Chelsea—though the latter may like to think of itself as London's Latin Quarter of to-day. The old Latin Quarter which Mr. Beresford Chancellor has explored so thoroughly, in which he has made so many interesting and unexpected discoveries, was in that unromantic region which has for its main artery the Tottenham Court Road.

And his researches certainly justify the title of his book. Even the Tottenham Court Road itself hides an interesting past behind its prosaic shop fronts: and the streets leading from and adjacent to it have at times housed some famous literary and artistic people. He has surveyed the Quarter very thoroughly. It is an almost house to house inquest which he has carried out, with the result that he has found something of interest in the most unlikely streets. You might not look for literary associations, for instance, in Goodge Street. But Thomas Dibdin the song writer once lived there. And that flat-faced thoroughfare has another and a rather gruesome claim to fame. It was to the house of an undertaker in Goodge Street that the body of Dr. Dodd, the forger, was conveyed, after he had been hanged at Tyburn, with the idea that he might be resuscitated. But despite the efforts of John Hunter, the surgeon, the hangman had done his work too well, and Dr. Dodd remained dead.

It is not possible even to catalogue here half the names of the famous or notorious people in some way connected with the Quarter. But two or three taken almost at random may indicate the interest of these pages. Lionel Johnson the poet lived for a time in a house in Charlotte Street, where Yeats, once finding him still in bed late in the day, was reassuringly told by the servant that Johnson "was always up for dinner at seven!" Constable lived at No. 76, formerly in the occupation of another artist, Joseph Farington; and it was here that he died, in a fit of indigestion, in 1837. But for a really notable list of residents one must cross Tottenham Court Road to Gower Street, where Mr. Chancellor will point out the house in which Charles Dickens lived as a boy until his father was taken to the Marshalsea, the house in which William de Morgan was born, and that in which Darwin wrote his book on '*Coral Reefs*.' Mrs. Siddons was at one time a tenant in Gower Street, and used to remark that the back of her house was "most effectually in the country and delightfully pleasant." It must have had a rather more rural aspect than the smutty back gardens of the Gower Street of to-day.

Altogether this is a book which gives even the dreariest little streets of the Quarter a new interest, and one to delight those who have any love for the London of the past.

## CRIME AND POLITICS IN INDIA

*Crime in India.* By Sir Cecil Walsh. Benn. 10s. 6d.

SIR CECIL WALSH, late Chief Justice of Allahabad, has compiled a new collection of Indian crimes in sequence to his '*Indian Village Crimes*' of last year. The actual stories are, as before, lurid reading; they are all culled from official records. A fair specimen

is the account of the murder of Kanjharia by her husband Mangru, as told in evidence by the murderer's mother, an eye-witness. Kanjharia ran away from her husband because of his ill-treatment. After three months she returned and her husband complained that she had "gone to the bad." "Do not turn her out," said a friend to the husband, "I will get a Sadhu to say charms over her which will make her bear a son to you." When told that the Sadhu was in attendance:

Mangru gave his wife a vessel of water to carry and she went on in front. Mangru was carrying a mattock. I followed a few paces behind, as I wondered what my son was going to do. They walked to a well some three hundred yards from the house, and there was a man sitting there who I thought might be a Sadhu. I saw that he was the prisoner, Autar. He is not a Sadhu at all. Kanjharia asked Mangru where the Sadhu was, and he said "What can any Sadhu do for you? If you have anything to say, say it, for I am going to cut your head off." She replied, "Very well. You have brought me here on a false pretext. I will lie down and you may cut my head off." I was about twenty yards away, concealed in some tall grass and was afraid to call out lest I too should be killed. Kanjharia lay down and put her head on the stone-work of the well and Mangru cut her head off with the mattock.

Sir Cecil Walsh says that this ghastly story "must be accepted as true." Its title in this book is, 'Wifely Submission.'

One of the best of the stories is 'Sacrifice,' and Sir Cecil Walsh says frankly that "to tell the story as it could be told would require the genius of a Balzac." Without ingratitude it may be said that the telling of the stories is the weakest part of the book. They are sometimes difficult to follow (e.g. 'The Biter Bit') and the style is often heavy. But the material makes stirring, if grim, reading.

In a long and important introduction, Sir Cecil Walsh gives "some sort of picture of the mentality, the duplicity and cunning, the indifference to human life, the callous indulgence in false evidence and false charges and the lack of moral fibre which daily manifest themselves among the millions of cultivators whom we govern, and of whom the Englishman at home knows so little." The views expressed are strong. "The almost insuperable task of getting the truth out of" Indian witnesses, the dilatory procedure of the courts, the lengthy and irrelevant cross-examination, the failure to arrest criminals and the frequent corruption of the police, these are matters which Sir Cecil Walsh deals with and which he might well elaborate for the benefit of those who have to decide Indian policy when the Simon Report is transformed into legislation. One vital question is thus summed up: "I do not hesitate to say that in (my) experience I have seen signs of deterioration resulting from what is called 'Indianization,' and I believe that with more Indianization there will be greater deterioration." This is a serious statement, especially when the author adds: "Occasionally . . . corrupt judgments are delivered by Hindu and Mohammedan tribunals according to caste, religious, or community prejudice . . . Indians do not trust Indian tribunals . . . I have never heard of an application to transfer a case from an Englishman." But who that knows India will deny that this is true? Secondly, Sir Cecil Walsh says: "Since the Reforms, so much legislation has become political that the humbler tasks, dealing with the necessities of the life of the people, are lost in the crowd." England suffers from the same disease. The world, both in England and India, would be a far better place if politicians would take a holiday from politics and devote themselves to more valuable, if humdrum, questions of improving administration.

The particular reform which Sir Cecil Walsh urges is that Indians should be given the right (only given to Englishmen in 1898) of being witnesses in their own defence in criminal cases. There is a great

deal to be said for this reform, especially if Sir Cecil Walsh's view of Indian veracity in courts of law is correct, for, as he says, "Most of the witnesses are so bad that the average prisoner cannot often be worse." This change in the law has resulted, in England, in protecting the innocent and rendering defence more difficult for the guilty. It would probably have similar results in India. But so long as Indians allow their public affairs to be monopolized by theories of self-government to the great detriment of innumerable vital questions, it cannot be expected that adequate time and consideration will be afforded to such matters.

CYRIL MARTIN

## PARSE, MR. WEEKLEY

*Adjectives and Other Words.* By Ernest Weekley. John Murray. 5s.

PHILOLOGISTS are a race apart. They are good company—to one another, but to the numismatist or the philatelist they appear arid and uninteresting. Professor Weekley's method of popularizing his great subject is to administer it in homœopathic doses, much as Borrow tried to administer Armenian to Bell in Mumpers Dingle. He is, however, more successful, and a man who reads his book for distraction and want of better may wake to find himself an amateur philologist. Interspersed with much sound philology is a chapter on adjectives showing clearly why, except in cases of necessity, they should not be used and how even an educated journalist can be caught by *clichés*. The others live on them. The author is perhaps a little too tender to the neophyte, and for his chapter on "Baby's contribution to speech," will certainly be attacked by the more straight-laced votaries of Grimm; they will argue with ferocity that the Welsh "tad" shows its Sanskrit origin as unmistakably as the English words "daughter" and "cow." It will scarcely be suggested that "daughter," which can be traced back through German, Russian and ancient Greek to its Sanskrit origin, is a mere accident of nursery speech, though something might be said for the onomatopœia character of the English "cow" and the Sanskrit "go."

It will be news to many that our Elizabethan forefathers spoke and wrote such good Cockney. Lady Wentworth and Mrs. Gamp would have had (linguistically) far more in common than the gap between their time and stations would suggest. "Mercy dropped like the gentle 'rine' and was not 'strined.'" It was Dr. Johnson's pathetic fallacy that the best English was spoken in Staffordshire and, no doubt, the Club lacked the courage to contradict him. Nowadays, however, a provincial accent is recognized as a great handicap, unless it comes from Scotland, when it is regarded with the reverence of the conquered for the victors. The amateurs may with diffidence query Professor Weekley's explanation of "hope" on page 96 as a "small upland valley," and will wonder whether the Dutch word "hoop" (German *Haufen*), given on page 192, is not the real derivation.

According to the author, "Lathom," on page 97, is an old dative plural. Like a rock sticking out of a sea where nearly all our inflexions have been lost, it must share with "whilom" the distinction of being the only surviving dative plural in the language. "Cil," which is also referred to by the author on the same page, has a very disputable meaning. Its usual sense in Welsh is that of a "narrow place" or a "retreat" to which men retired for religious purposes. "Nesh" is another exceedingly controversial question. We have heard farmers complain that the hay was too "nesh" to be hauled, from which an affinity with the German "Nass" (wet) may be guessed. According to the author the word means



"tender" or "susceptible to cold." Philologists and others will enjoy this book; in fact, to borrow a *cliché* which has been relentlessly exposed by its author, Philology without liars is a "long-felt want." Since Borrow there has been no attempt, save that of the present author, to supply it, and Borrow is more entertaining than trustworthy.

RAGLAN SOMERSET

### "NO OTHER TIGER"

*Grandeur and Misery of Victory.* By Georges Clemenceau. Harrap. 21s.

THE feeling produced by this book is one of mingled weariness and disgust. Weariness at the succession of mole-hills that during the course of it are magnified into mountains, and disgust with the littleness of mind so often displayed in their dealings with one another by the two men who won the war. Clemenceau and Foch will ever be associated in the public mind as the joint organizers of victory, and it is a thousand pities that they should have thought fit to wash their dirty linen in public before they died, more particularly when no useful purpose whatever is served by so doing.

In France, as in Great Britain, the war caused perpetual friction between the civil and military authorities, and when, in its later stages, these became personified in Clemenceau and Foch respectively the *malaise* became chronic. In addition, there was always latent the old republican fear of the successful general, for the author does not scruple to tell us that on at least one occasion he suspected Foch of the intentions of Boulanger, while the relations between the Prime Minister and the President, M. Poincaré, were about as strained as it was possible for them to be. In such an atmosphere there took place the events recorded in this book, and the reader will, taking into account the similar dissensions in London, lay the volume down with a feeling of astonishment that in such circumstances the victory was ever won at all.

M. Clemenceau was the last of the Jacobins. He was more closely akin to Danton and to Carnot spiritually than to any of his contemporaries, and he believed that the functions of the generals in the field were confined to the actual theatre of war. Foch thought otherwise, and, although the least ambitious of men, he does seem to have allowed himself on occasion to become the tool of faction. This gave his rival his opportunity, with the result that every mistake, military and civil, of the Marshal is mercilessly analysed in these pages. Foch was a great soldier, but hardly a great man, while Clemenceau was the stoutest antagonist of his day; but as the two did not use the same weapons, their duel is likely to appear as inconclusive to posterity as it did to their contemporaries. To secure the victory they needed each other, reluctant as they were to face the fact, and France needed them both.

This book contributes nothing to our knowledge of the events with which it deals, however much fuel it may add to the fire of contemporary French politics. Its author's comments upon the events of the last eleven years of his life are a tribute to his heart rather than to his head, and he makes the mistake of imagining that the proportion of knaves in the world is higher than that of fools. On the other hand, these pages form an invaluable guide to the character of their writer, and in perusing them we see not only the figure of the old *Père La Victoire*, but we feel the claws of the terrible Tiger that tore down ministry after ministry at the Palais Bourbon. M. Clemenceau says this book does not constitute his Memoirs, and he is right, for it is more than that: it is the man himself.

CHARLES PETRIE

### A MODERN FAIRY TALE

*The Stray Lamb.* By Thorne Smith. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

A LAMB did once lie down with a lion. It had to. The lamb and the lion were one. Because lamb into lion was only one of the swift and disconcerting changes which overtook Mr. Lawrence T. Lamb of New York, in consequence of an idle wish made in a moment of passing discontent with his lot as stockbroker, husband and father. Read in the spirit in which it is written this is one of the funniest books of our time. It is daring, even slightly shocking, and witty. It is not, as may be judged, a book for matter-of-fact minded people. But those who are not too old for a very modern fairy tale will find it entirely diverting and delightful.

Mr. Lamb's first transformation was into a horse. As a horse he was at first a little embarrassed by lack of a blanket. But he drowned any qualms—and disgraced himself—by over indulgence in a cocktail mixed for him, by a sympathetic young man, in a bucket. Then, with brief intervals as his proper self, he became a seagull, a kangaroo, a goldfish, a mongrel dog, a cat, a lion and finally, when appearing in a divorce suit brought by his wife, a mixture of lizard, rooster and prehistoric animal. Neither Hans Andersen nor Grimm ever thought of such an enchantment as that. But this is a fairy story very much up-to-date. Thus it was at a night club that Mr. Lamb suddenly turned into a kangaroo. Even at a night club that caused a little sensation. And some of his transformations were more disconcerting to other people than to himself. He, after a time, was ready to find himself anything: and to make the most of his opportunities. As a goldfish he puzzled all his family except Mrs. Lamb, who was carrying on with

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a young man, by tracing on the side of his tank the word "Adulterer." It really was an awkward moment for everybody. And he found a little amusement in teaching the other goldfish to swim backwards. Never was there more deliciously sophisticated fooling. And if the fun has begun to wear a little thin, to become merely farcical by the time Mr. Lamb, turned into a lion, has to be disguised as a dog, in its earlier stages this book made one hardened reviewer laugh till he cried.

### FAIR WOMEN

*A Gallery of Women.* By Theodore Dreiser. Constable. 10s.

'A GALLERY OF WOMEN' is a book that delves deep behind the scenes of human hopes and passions, of human strength and weakness. Mr. Dreiser, who sees life as it is, not merely as it appears, shows us a collection of portraits of various women who have drifted through their different lives during the last thirty years.

No doubt this is called fiction, but these are sketches that have life in a tense form. Indeed, a passage concerning Olive Brand, one of Mr. Dreiser's most lovely portraits, is very expressive of the spirit of this book:

She knew that I saw her for what she was—the aspirant, the dreamer, one who looked out with wide, clear, sensitive eyes upon the mystery of life and paused to wonder at and meditate upon now this, now that, and yet to know that life is not to be understood—that for man it remains an insoluble secret: his one approach to the door of beauty.

Herein lies the key to the painting of these portraits; for "beauty, as each interprets it for himself, must certainly be the anodyne that resolves all our pains." Even behind such grim lives and sordid make-ups as "Regina C." or Ida Hauchawout we see some melted hope or disappointed dream of achievement.

Most of the characters here drawn have each an urge to achieve, a dream of beauty or ambition which she aspires through the tortuous drift of her life to make real. With most this hope is entangled with "that undying human dream," a man who could enchant her. This search, portrayed for us in many forms, is in almost each instance a longing for the greatest peace and completion that this world can give. Of these is Olive Brand, the supremely intelligent, beautiful woman seeking to extricate the meaning of things from the vast field of human personality; probing into the worlds within worlds that are the life of a great city. Another is Lucia, with her capacity for suffering, whose intense personality we follow from childhood's adoration of her father, through hero-worship and longing for the ideal mate to the free but unsatisfied life of a Parisian artist, who, with men, is like a bee flitting from flower to flower to gather what she may; and at the end of Lucia's story:

She lighted a cigarette, lifted a highball and, beneath sagging lashes, looked at me all that she felt and said.

With an indescribable lightness of touch Mr. Dreiser goes far beneath the surface and touches the sensitive strings of human hearts. The men who are next to the women of these sketches are no less faithfully portrayed, although several seem to invoke rather more humour on the part of the author, who in some cases is merely the spectator of their vanities and passions.

Mr. Dreiser is strenuous in the introspective presentation of his characters. In minute detail he grasps the drifts and working of their minds from

their own point of view, and effectively throws the light of sympathetic understanding on to portraits that many might pass by as being dingy or colourless, or hard and wholly without spirit. To doubt the veracity and sincerity which permeate the telling of these stories would be impossible; and our interest is held as by a charm throughout the many and varied stages of the book.

### UNCONVENTIONAL ECONOMICS

*Unsolved Problems: National and International.* By John S. Hecht. Jarrolds. 16s.

"NOT a headache in a bottle" was James Thomson's tribute to a famous brand of Irish whisky. No similar verdict can be returned on Mr. Hecht's book, which would certainly have gained in value had the author paid more attention to its arrangement, or, at the least, furnished it with an index. Still, the work deserves to be read, and read carefully, by every student of political economy. Although the arguments are marshalled badly, and pick and shovel have often to be used before discovery of the conclusions, there is stimulating matter in the volume.

Some initial idea of Mr. Hecht's position can, perhaps, be given by saying that, like Tim Healy of old, he is an extremist in a party of one. Admirably free from the vulgar prejudices by which debate on economics is generally clogged, he is frequently and wildly rash in his eagerness to confute the multitude of his opponents. It is, of course, simple for him to show that competition, his special bugbear, has not brought the blessings predicted by nineteenth-century Liberals. Yet, asserting that

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PLATE IV. FIRST STATE.

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"if all industries are rationalized . . . every factory will be certain of selling its whole output and all available labour will find employment," he has fallen into their error of cocksure optimism. Writing of capital and labour, Mr. Hecht barely alludes to management, but management must increase in importance as undertakings grow in bulk, and rationalization will cause a bigger mess than competition unless adequate brains for direction are secured. Again, denial of any virtue to the competitive system is singularly unfair. A statement that the man in the street can scarcely quote a single benefit from it may be traversed at once. Very soon after Lord Ashfield had declared the strap-hanger had come to stay, traffic "pirates" appeared upon the London streets, and there was rapid increase in the provision of seats for tired travellers in tube and bus. Nor is it true that "every intelligent woman" knows prices to be "practically the same" wherever she deals. Though Mr. Hecht specifically denies it, pennies in the shilling are to be saved by shopping in the East End instead of in the prosperous residential quarters of the metropolis.

When the author tries to strengthen his case by dragging in artists and such as they, he exposes its weakness. If it could be proved that painting, literature, music, and drama owed nothing to rivalry, uselessness of a competitive spur in industry and commerce could not be deduced. Actually, the lives of artistic creators show a desire, unsurpassed among tradesmen, to outstrip one another. And Mr. Hecht does not pretend that everything can be achieved by selfless co-operation. Rejecting everything he decries as competition, he acknowledges the urge of self-interest. Thus, he differs from Mr. Bernard Shaw in allowing that a worker's basic wage should be supplemented by payments according to the value of his work. What, after all, is this but throwing competition out of an upper window and admitting it again by a back door in the basement? Possibly the author would explain that his antagonism is to what economists used to laud as "free" competition, and that he is content as long as everything is scientifically regulated. If so, he has wasted time on flogging a corpse. It is a long while since industrial development on "natural" lines has been more than a tradition, and Sir Ernest Benn would doubtless tell him that our present troubles are due to the departure. Incidentally, it is amusing to note that Mr. Hecht, with all his scorn for those who talk of "nature" in connexion with economics, is capable of the same blunder. When on the subject of home-grown food, he proclaims that: "Nature obviously intended us to live upon it."

On certain questions, however, the author is persuasive, and his plea for a minimum wage adjusted to the number of each earner's dependants is not merely attractive. Working out the whole scheme in detail, he has demonstrated its feasibility, and has countered all but one of ten objections to it. As he points out, the principle of family allowances was widely practised in the past. Yet its restoration in England now seems perilous because, despite Mr. Hecht's denials, the probable sequel would be larger population. Because increased wages, when paid irrespective of children, coincide to-day with a lower birth-rate, it ought not to be inferred that the birth-rate would continue falling, or even

remain stationary, if every baby meant a bonus. French statistics are decisive on the matter. Regretfully, one must suggest that this solution of the wage problem must wait on conquest of unemployment.

Mr. Hecht should not grumble at postponement, for he is confident of victory through rationalization plus protection. Being no ordinary tariff reformer, free traders will find him difficult to answer. In the first place, he admits the validity of several of their main contentions. He joins with them, for instance, in deriding those who would safeguard manufacturers by customs duties and out of those very duties subsidize the farmers. It is as clear to him as to any member of the Cobden Club that a tariff-yielding revenue is failing in its protective purpose. On competitive imports, therefore, he wants an absolute ban. That export trade would be lost he confesses frankly, but, wages and profits being poor in cotton, shipping, and the exporting branch of the coal industry, he would let these things go hang. His analysis of the comparative worth of one trade and another is, surely, his chief contribution to economic wisdom, though his dismissal of the inferior trades is too cavalier and reminiscent of Manchester's former contempt for agriculture. The mistake is strange, as elsewhere he has emphasized the extent to which capital and labour are immobile.

Dogmatic, inconsistent, rushing in where angels might fear to tread, Mr. Hecht is no safe guide for practical politicians. None the less, he is the kind of ingenious projector whom practical politicians require at their elbows. If nine in ten of his projects are inexpedient, the tenth might any day be discovered to hold a germ of industrial salvation. And as a finder of weak spots in other men's plans, Mr. Hecht deserves public gratitude.

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## SHORTER NOTICES

*Yesterdays in Maoriland.* By Andreas Reischek.  
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THIS is the simple account of the wanderings of an Austrian naturalist in New Zealand. In 1877 Andreas Reischek went out to New Zealand to arrange the newly opened museum at Christchurch. His engagement was for two years. He stayed twelve years—despite the fact that he had a wife waiting for him in Vienna. In those twelve years he wandered over both the North and South islands, and became not only intimate with the birds and animals which were his business, but also with the Maoris, and even enjoyed the honour of being permitted to rub noses with the Maori king. In all his wanderings he had two companions: his dog Cæsar and his mouth organ. The latter was his consolation in the darkest moments of his lonely life: as when, snowbound, injured and almost helpless, "In order to lessen the pain and forget the misery of my situation, I composed a song, 'God Bless My Country,' which a friend of mine, a music teacher in Auckland, afterwards took down at my playing." And the mouth organ had its uses, too, in establishing good relations with the Maoris. On one occasion, when he had played for his supper with a native chief:

My playing pleased the chief's wife so well, that after a short time she snatched away the instrument from my mouth. . . . I was very sorry indeed that I had begun to play at all, for the woman developed such a talent for music that the whole night through she gave me a concert enough to soften a stone. At the same time it grew bitterly cold in the hut, and the rats held a meeting over my body. . . .

There are times when this simple narrative recalls the delights of 'The Swiss Family Robinson.'

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THIS is a book of the months, describing the wild life on Exmoor throughout the seasons, by one whose name is sufficient guarantee of the interest and exactness of his observation: it is illustrated by black and white sketches by A. Carruthers Gould. The results of these observations may rouse the envy of naturalists in less favoured parts of the country, for the climate of Exmoor, though subject to the vicissitudes of all English districts, is milder and more tempting to migratory birds than those parts situated further north.

Mr. Hendy's notes embrace the birds which come to the feeding tables in his garden, ducks and sea birds, the merlins, the kestrels, the ponies, and the red deer on the moors: badgers, woodpeckers, nightjars, crossbills, all come under his ken. The book is packed with the teeming life and activity that goes on all around from month to month.

The objections to a system of outdoor feeding of wild birds can be seen, for in February last year the author was absent in London during one of the hardest frosts of the year, and the distribution of largesse was discontinued: the plight of the bounty-fed pensioners accustomed to doles, not work, must have been pitiable in the extreme. Mr. Hendy also accuses a maimed jackdaw who frequents his tables with cannibalism for eating mice caught in traps: the epithet seems hardly justified.

Exmoor is not only wild in its birds and beasts, some of its human denizens have not yet finally beaten down superstition under their feet. Witches, "conjurers," those who cure warts and the King's Evil, casters of spells, and the evil eye, are not yet extinct, for in June, 1929, a man was bound

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over by the magistrates to keep the peace for six months, which judgment must have come rather hard on him seeing that he was convinced that the complainer had already bewitched him.

*A Wayfarer on the Rhine.* By Malcolm Letts. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

MR. LETTS has that enthusiasm for his subject which does so much to carry readers along with the author, and his book will certainly convince waverers of the attractions of the Rhineland. He tells of the towns and their houses, their burghers, and their industries, of the churches, the castles, the wooded hills, the vineyards, and of the river itself sweeping broad and unimpeded round the bends and through the gorges from Worms to Cologne. The actual river itself does not limit his area, and he includes Frankfort and Heidelberg in the itinerary. Not the least interesting part of the book are the copious extracts from medieval diaries, letters, and memoirs of citizens and travellers, telling of the conditions of life and of the country in their day.

It is a criticism of the book that, too much concerned with the past to the neglect of the present, it gives little account of the effect of the war and of the Armies of Occupation, or of other modern conditions, and such of us

... that are fat;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights,

will look in vain for guidance as to inns, food, wines, and such-like creature comforts. But the volume does not set out to be a statutory guide book. Yet, despite this lack of data, a traveller might fare very much worse than rely on this book. It has excellent maps and panoramic views, and it is well illustrated. Mr. Letts also warns motorists that "*Hier wird gewalzt*" is not an invitation to dance, but means "Beware of the steam roller."

*Three Daughters.* By Jane Dashwood. Murray. 7s. 6d.

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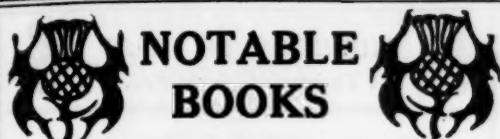
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## COLLECTORS' NOTES A SOMEWHAT NEGLECTED GALLERY

By EGAN MEW

STUDENTS of British Art, of course, and visitors from foreign lands are familiar with the various galleries at the all-embracing Victoria and Albert Museum devoted to the works of English painters. But the general public, a public becoming, at long last, more and more interested in our native arts, is slow to appreciate how valuable a collection of historical and æsthetic work is to be seen in delightful surroundings at South Kensington.

Synchronizing with the bright spring weather, the authorities at South Kensington have recently reopened the gallery of British oil paintings. The walls have now been very appropriately decorated with a background of red and the various pictures by famous men rehung and rearranged.

Thanks to the interest taken in the Victoria and Albert Museum by the artist's daughter, this gallery is extraordinarily fortunate in possessing many works of Constable. It will, perhaps, surprise some even of the more ardent admirers of his paintings to learn that there are some hundred of his oil paintings and rather more than three hundred of his water-colour and other drawings at the museum. This remarkable collection covers every period of the painter's life, and shows with charming effect his many and varied styles. Constable's work as a portrait painter and as a painter of flowers is not well-known and, as far as one is aware, the Victoria and Albert is the only museum where a complete knowledge of this side of his gift can be obtained. The gallery is also rich in the works of many painters less prominent than those already mentioned, painters of the 'forties and 'fifties of the last century, whose pictures, until recently quite *démodé*, may now be collected by the judicious connoisseur with some certitude of rising values. Frith, with all his queer faults from a latter-day point of view, may not for the moment reach the £3,000 level of his own day, but his best work will flourish once more; Mulready's careful painting and historical value will come again into favour. The agreeable style of Stothard is finding new admirers, and the elaborately designed social studies of Wilkie are making new friends both at home and abroad. The method of painting employed by these artists is far more successful than that of many men of our own time, whose colours are already showing a sad depreciation in quality.

The Victoria and Albert, also, is by no means lacking in examples of the work of rather less well-known painters of the eighteenth century, such as the accomplished painter of sea battles, Peter Monamy, to mention but one of many. In this connexion an artist who has been to some extent neglected in the past may deserve notice, for his decorative pictures are beginning to be sought for by the lover of the eighteenth century modes and manners. The name of N. T. Dall is not widely known, but there are two remarkable landscapes from his brush now on view at Messrs. Leggatt Brothers' gallery in St. James's Street, which will, possibly, stimulate a fashion in, or taste for, his pictures. Like so many artists in the early days of George III, Dall came from abroad and settled in England about 1760. It is said that one of his earliest patrons was the first Lord Harewood, and there can be no doubt that his large, richly coloured landscapes would have harmonized uncommonly well with the splendid mahogany furniture which the Adam Brothers designed and Chippendale manufactured for that peer's house.



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\*Byron.

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2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
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5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
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C	ounter-jumpe	R
A	ncien	T
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Y	anke-doodl	E
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U	nostentatious	S
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ACROSTIC No. 420.—The winner is "Willoughby," Miss F. M. Egerton, Willoughby Cottage, Puddletown, Dorchester, Dorset, who has selected as her prize 'Madame D'Aulnoy: Travels into Spain,' published by Routledge and reviewed by us on April 5. Twenty-six other competitors named this book, eleven chose 'Escape,' nine 'The Woman of Andros,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Augur, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Buns, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Chailey, J. Chambers, J. R. Cripps, Dhualt, Dolmar, Ursula D'Ot, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Gay, T. Hartland, Iago, Jeff, Madge, Martha, George W. Miller, M. Milne, Lady Mottram, Peter, F. M. Petty, St. Ives, Stucco, Miss Daphne Touche, Tyro, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Aron, E. Barrett, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Bertram R. Carter, Ceyx, Clam, Coque, Maud Crowther, D. L., M. East, Glamis, James, Jop, Lilian, Mrs. Lole, A. M. W. Maxwell, Met, N. O. Sellam, Rabbits, Rand, Shorwell, Sisyphus.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Miss Carter. All others more.

Light 1 baffled 11 solvers; Light 2, 8; Lights 5 and 9, 4; Light 3, 2; Lights 4, 7, and 10, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 419.—Correct: H. M. Vaughan.

SISYPHUS.—"Swipes means washy beer. The miser in 'The Fortunes of Nigel' invited Nigel to partake of what he called "wholesome single ale." Capt. Colepepper said it was "brewed at the rate of a nutshell of malt to a butt of Thames—as dead as a corpse, too." Here is one instance of a miser's drinking swipes.

OUR THIRTY-FIRST QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Sixth Round the following are leading: A. E., Armadale, Boskerris, Carlton, Chailey, Dhualt, St. Ives, Tyro, C. J. Warden. One point down: Mrs. R. Brown, J. Chambers, M. East, Fossil, T. Hartland, Iago, G. W. Miller, Shorwell. Two points down: A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Mrs. J. Butler, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Clam, Met, N. O. Sellam, Stucco, Capt. Wolseley. Three points down: James, Jeff, Lilian, Madge,

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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

ONE had hoped that once the provisions of the Budget were known, the Stock Exchange would enjoy more business, with prices moving in favour of holders. This opinion must now be modified. Capital is the life blood of industry, and Mr. Snowden appears to have selected carefully that portion of the community to which we look to finance industry for Budgetary attention. The increase in direct taxation and Death Duties will inevitably tend to drive capital out of the country, and, while one must decry such procedure as unpatriotic, in all fairness the wisdom of such action can be appreciated. Certain Stock Exchange counters may benefit from the fact that the imposts they feared did not materialize, but in the long run the Stock Exchange must reflect the general conditions in the country. The almost vindictive manner in which Mr. Snowden has framed his proposals must inevitably reflect detrimentally on industry, and so on Stock Exchange values.

### FOREIGN INVESTMENTS

In view of the widespread demand which, it is believed, exists for investments showing a higher yield than is obtainable from gilt-edged securities, attention is drawn to one or two foreign issues as suitable for mixing purposes. The 6 per cent. preference shares of the Belgian National Railway Company are entitled to a fixed 6 per cent. guaranteed by the State and payable annually on September 1, and also to half the profits of the railway payable at some date after the annual general meeting. These shares are repayable by drawings at par within 65 years from 1937, or by purchase in the market. Those drawn will be replaced by a bonus share having the same right to half the profits of the railway. The fixed interest and the available dividend will be exempt from all Belgian taxes on income present or future. The State guarantees a minimum Exchange of 175 Fcs. to the pound both for the payment of the fixed annual interest at 6 per cent. and for the repayment of the drawn bonds. For 1928, in addition to their fixed 6 per cent., these shares received an additional 2 per cent. The shares are dealt in in sterling in London, and at the present market price, on the basis of last year's distributions, a yield of approximately  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is shown.

### GREEK LOAN

At the present price the Greek 7 per cent. Refugee Loan of 1924 shows a yield of nearly 7 per cent. This loan is under the direct control of the International Financial Commission, and was issued under the auspices of the League of Nations. The service of the loan is secured by specific revenues from salt, tobacco, stamps and yearly service of the other revenues previously assigned to the International Financial Commission. The service of the loan requires about £922,500 annually, whereas the amount available on the basis of the 1929 figures amounted in all to the equivalent of £9,276,106. Coupons are payable on May 1 and November 1. The loan is redeemable by 1964 by drawings at par. It appears a suitable counter for mixing purposes.

### ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS

The attention of readers of these notes has on several occasions during the past few months been drawn to the shares of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation. In view of the appreciation that has taken place in the price of these shares, the moment appears an opportune one to review the position as indicated by results during the past six months, which constitute the first half of the corporation's financial year which terminates on September 30 next. We find that during this period the net profits have amounted to £145,573, which is equivalent to £291,146 for the full year, always, of course, provided profits are maintained, which figure compares with £203,584, the profit for the twelve months ended September 30 last. These profits for last year were equivalent to 81 per cent. on the capital of the corporation whereas earnings during the past six months are at the rate of 116 per cent. per annum. While an increased tonnage has been treated, inasmuch as for last year the total was 108,007 tons and for the past six months 60,082 tons, the increase in profits is largely attributable to the substantial decrease in all-in costs. These for last year averaged 57s. 5d. per ton, while for the past six months they have been reduced to 51s. 5d. For 1928 and 1929, when the profit was £203,584, 65 per cent. was distributed in dividends, leaving £41,084 undistributed, which was placed to reserves and other contingencies. If, as anticipated, the profit for the last six months is maintained for the next six months, the profit for the year, as shown above, will be £291,146. This would allow for dividends of  $87\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. being paid, and leaving £72,396 undistributed. If, however, the directors adopt a policy of only leaving in reserve a similar amount to last year, it should be possible to distribute 100 per cent., that is, 4s. per share in dividends. In these circumstances, and in view of the promising nature of developments during the past six months, it is suggested that even after their recent rise, Ashanti Goldfields shares are well worth acquiring as an attractive mining investment.

### OIL SHARES

The advices as to decreased oil production have led to a demand for oil shares in America, which has spread to the oil market in London. It had been anticipated that more activity would have been displayed by oil shares last Autumn, but the break in Wall Street stopped this movement. It would appear possible, however, that now more stable conditions have been established, fresh efforts will be made to revive interest in this section. Holders of first-class oil shares can therefore anticipate improved market prices for their holdings and, in these circumstances, would probably be ill-advised not to retain their interests for the next few months, during which period, it is hoped, they will reach higher levels. Among low-priced oil shares it is suggested that British Controlled common shares present scope for speculative interest, while both Mexican Eagles and Phoenix oils appear to be standing at attractively low levels.

TAURUS

### COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the meetings of United Molasses Co., Ltd., Rio Tinto Co., Ltd., and Morris Motors, Ltd.

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## Company Meetings



## THE FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF MORRIS MOTORS LTD.

EXCELLENT YEAR'S RESULTS  
STRONG POSITION STILL FURTHER CONSOLIDATED  
TANGIBLE ASSETS EXCEED PREFERENCE SHARE  
HOLDINGS BY £3,327,700

The Fourth Annual General Meeting of Morris Motors Ltd. was held at 9.15 a.m. on April 12, 1930, at the registered offices of the company at Cowley, Oxford, Sir William R. Morris, Bt. (the chairman and managing director of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. S. G. K. Smallbone) read the notice convening the meeting and the auditor's report to the shareholders having been read.

The Chairman, in proposing that the report and balance-sheet for the year ended December 31, 1929, be approved and adopted, said:—

I presume that I can take the report and accounts now before you as read. From them you will have noted that the balance-sheet of the company for the year 1929 shows that the net profits on trading and the interest received on investments for the year amounted together to £1,285,181 7s. This is a result with which I feel sure we can be very satisfied. It has been arrived at after making full provision for depreciation of assets and for all possible contingencies. Moreover, although the sum of £25,123 6s. 10d. has been provided to reduce our Government securities to their market value at December 31, 1929, the actual market value of these securities at the date of publication of the balance-sheet was no less than £79,690 15s. 5d. higher than the figure taken into account.

### NET PROFIT £1,285,181 7s.

To the net profit on trading and the interest and dividends received on securities amounting to £1,285,181 7s. there has to be added the balance brought forward from last year of £154,634 10s. 1d., making a total of £1,439,815 17s. 1d. After payment of the preference dividend of £225,000 and the provision of £246,062 13s. 9d. for income tax for the year 1929, there remains a disposable balance of £968,753 3s. 4d.

In the balance-sheet now before you the reserve fund stands at £2,000,000, and in these circumstances your directors have recommended the declaration of a dividend of 10 per cent., free of tax, on the ordinary shares.

I am sure you will agree that the financial position of the company is still further consolidated by the writing down the balance-sheet value of goodwill, patents and trade marks by the sum of £650,000, thus reducing this item on the balance-sheet to considerably less than one year's average profits of the business.

In reviewing the financial position of the company to-day it is gratifying to be able to point out that since the formation of the company our average yearly earnings have exceeded by £161,170 the average shown in the prospectus; that our tangible assets are now £3,327,700 in excess of the holdings of the preference shareholders; that we hold Government securities to the value of £2,330,892, and that during the past four years the earnings of the company exceeded the preference dividend by more than five and a half times.

These excellent results have been obtained in the face of active competition and have been achieved by the company adopting a strong policy of progressive development.

Both in regard to the nature of the company's products and the maintenance of plant and equipment much progress has been made. In addition to the sum of £216,821 14s. 5d. spent on repairs and maintenance of buildings and equipment during the year 1929, no less a sum than £196,720 8s. 1d. was provided for making changes in buildings and machinery in order to economize in production costs and to improve the saleability of the products and for future renewals of plant, equipment and buildings.

### SUCCESSFUL NEW MODELS

The introduction of the two new six-cylinder models—the 15 h.p. Morris-Oxford and the 18 h.p. Morris Isis—has done

much to strengthen the position of the company's products in home and overseas markets, and both models have been extremely well received. All the preliminary costs of introducing these models have been met out of revenue.

The 15 h.p. six-cylinder Morris-Oxford can justly claim to be the most highly developed car of its type. So great has been the demand for this model that the company has on its books to-day a large number of unexecuted orders, despite the constantly increasing rates of production that have been operative since its introduction. Further arrangements have been made that will shortly enable all demands to be met.

The other models produced by the company—the Morris Minor and Morris-Cowley—due to improvements in their design, finish and equipment, continue to command highly satisfactory sales, and I am glad to be able to report that the current season shows every likelihood of being by far the busiest in the history of the company.

A great deal of development work has been undertaken with a view to ensuring greater safety and comfort for motorists. We realize that motoring has become an accepted amenity in the daily life of the public and it has constantly been the endeavour of your directors to introduce measures that will add to the safety and convenience of travel on the road. We adopted for this reason a policy of standardizing Triplex safety glass on all our models, and this, together with the provision of powerful four-wheel brakes, light and accurate steering, simple controls and the fitting of bumpers fore and aft on all models, is a safety-first policy which has received a great deal of commendation from the public.

There has been erected and put into operation during the course of the year at the company's radiator factory one of the largest chromium finishing plants in the country and the adoption of this durable, untarnishable and practically self-cleaning finish on all external bright parts is another measure that adds to the saleability of our products.

### WIDE APPEAL OF PRODUCTS

I would here like to emphasize the wide range of models that are now listed by the company. Our standard productions range from economical and lively 8-h.p. touring cars selling at £130 to fast, high-powered six-cylinder saloons which present remarkable value at under £400. This versatility of appeal adds strength to the company's position. Varying markets, both home and overseas, are covered and it is noteworthy that the policy of the company has always been such that a proper degree of flexibility of production is available, so that variations in demand for different types of cars as necessitated by public taste can be accommodated.

A point which I now want to bring out concerns the all-British policy that has long since been adopted and maintained by this company. There has arisen at various times the question "What is a British car?" Competitive concerns with their main plants in foreign countries have endeavoured to justify the appellation "British-built" by publishing figures that aim at convincing the public that a considerable percentage of the cost of their cars is represented by British labour and material. Morris cars are British throughout. Every penny spent on materials and labour in their construction helps to swell the volume of British trade and employment. The Morris car was bred and born in this country and all the finance behind it is British. This is something on which we can reflect with a feeling of patriotic pride and is a point that intending purchasers of cars will, I hope, bear in mind.

I do not want here to dwell too much on political matters, but I feel that I must touch upon the very important fact that the success or otherwise of the British motor industry must be dependent to a very large extent on the attitude of the Government towards the retention of safeguarding duties.



During the existence of the McKenna duties the organizations that I have developed and controlled have undoubtedly been greatly assisted in their expansion and development by these duties. Morris Motors, Ltd., employed fewer than 200 men in 1919. To-day the total number of employees on our pay-roll approaches 10,000. This is direct employment. Additionally, there is a vast number of British workmen engaged in producing materials and making component parts that we purchase for our cars.

#### BENEFITS OF SAFEGUARDING

I am no scaremonger, but I do say definitely that if the McKenna duties were removed our progress and expansion would be seriously hampered, that we should not have such opportunities for increasing the number of people that we employ and that there would be every likelihood of seriously decreased employment. I fail to see how any Government which, on the one hand, is seeking for means to alleviate unemployment in this country and, on the other, is endeavouring to find revenue to meet the nation's excessive taxation, can find any justification whatever for the cessation of these beneficial measures.

One direct result of any decreased sales and production of British cars in the home market must be to increase very largely the difficulties which British manufacturers have to face in finding outlets in markets overseas. The factory price of any manufactured article is to-day very largely dependent upon the quantity produced. Any reduction in the number of British cars produced and sold in the home market, brought about by the cessation of the McKenna duties, must definitely increase their costs of production and consequently decrease their saleability both at home and overseas.

Under safeguarding, British manufacturers have consistently reduced prices and improved values. In 1919 a Morris-Cowley two-seater—the popular car of its day—sold at £390. To-day a much improved model of the same general classification sells at £162 10s., and we are producing a powerful six-cylinder saloon car that has every possible item of equipment and an exceptionally fine road performance for £100 less than the price we charged for that little two-seater in 1919.

#### GREATLY IMPROVED VALUES

This is concrete evidence that the McKenna duties have not artificially inflated prices. In the British motor trade there will always be sufficient internal competition to ensure equity in the matter of values to the public.

During the year 1929 we made good progress in overseas markets, both our four and six-cylinder models finding an encouraging response from overseas buyers. We are doing our utmost to develop this side of our business, leaving no stone unturned to assist in the expansion of British trade in our Dominions and elsewhere overseas.

We have members of our sales and service staff in most of the important markets of the world and have developed effective and widespread dealer organizations.

I personally have visited a number of overseas countries during the past four years and the experience and knowledge of local motoring conditions thus obtained is proving of very great value to the company.

Once more I should like to pay a high tribute to the work and support of our executive, staff and workpeople. As you know, all the directors of the company are active executives, with no other interests than the affairs of the company. The spirit of willingness to work and the determination to succeed that imbues the whole of this organization is well reflected in the financial results that we obtain and is one of the most valuable assets of the company.

The development of this company, judged by ordinary commercial standards, has been very rapid, but our progress has been cautiously made, step by step. The company has never been in such an active and sound position as it is to-day—a complete justification of the conservative basis on which our finances have been managed—as reflected in the report and balance-sheet now before you, the adoption of which I have pleasure in formally moving.

Mr. E. H. Blake, deputy managing director, seconded the resolution, which was carried.

The following were re-elected to the Board of Directors: Mr. H. Landstad, Mr. A. A. Rowse, Mr. H. A. Ryder, Mr. H. Seaward, Mr. S. G. K. Smallbone, Mr. W. M. W. Thomas, Mr. F. G. Woollard and Mr. H. W. Young.

Messrs. Thornton and Thornton, of Oxford and London, were re-elected auditors for the ensuing year.

## UNITED MOLASSES LIMITED

### BONUS ISSUE OF SHARES

The Fourth Annual General Meeting of the United Molasses Co., Ltd., was held on April 11 at Winchester House, E.C.

Mr. F. K. Kielberg (chairman and managing director) said in the course of his speech:—The report this year is so informative that I propose to confine my remarks to answering questions raised by shareholders in connection with the report and accounts.

The only point that has been raised in connection with the accounts refers to the difference between the profits remaining in associated and subsidiary companies as at December 31, 1928, amounting to £170,659 17s. 3d., and the balance of undistributed profits remaining in subsidiaries as at December 31, 1929, amounting to £115,919 1s. 3d. This difference is accounted for, and more than offset by the fact that £137,043, representing trading profits earned by subsidiary companies during 1929 prior to the date of acquisition by us, have been carried to capital reserve in the consolidated accounts.

The other points raised refer mainly to the possibility of molasses being replaced by other articles, the rates allowed for depreciation, the company's policy of making transport of oil a definite part of our business and the wisdom or otherwise of a bonus issue.

To your directors it appears inconceivable that the use of molasses can ever be replaced by substitutes or by synthetic processes. Molasses is a by-product that will continue to be produced irrespective of the price at which it can be sold, for the simple reason that sugar cannot be manufactured without producing molasses.

### DEPRECIATION

In replying to questions relating to depreciation, I should like to state that the suggestion that our new motor tankers will only last 14 or 15 years need not disturb you in the least. Based on our own experience and on that of other molasses companies, we have no hesitation in claiming that our new ships will have a life of at least 25 years. Our rate of depreciation of 6 per cent. on first cost is, therefore, ample and, as a matter of fact, considerably in excess of the rate of depreciation adopted by most companies.

The Oil Transport Company, referred to in letters received from several shareholders, do not depreciate their ships at the rate of 13 per cent., but at the usual rate of 5 per cent. on first cost, as will be found by reference to the report of that company's last annual meeting.

I regret that we cannot see our way to analyse the various sources of income that make up the company's total net profits. Some shareholders would like to know what proportion of our profits arises from each of the four main uses of molasses, others would like an analysis showing the profits made in different parts of the world and others inquire what profit is made on carrying oil. It would obviously not be in the best interests of the company to supply such an analysis, but I may mention that profits from carrying oil last year only accounted for a comparatively small percentage of the company's total profits, as owing to the limited tonnage at our disposal we were unable to carry more than a few cargoes of oil.

Some shareholders feel concerned about the size of our ship-building programme because they have heard that too many tankers are being built, but I feel certain that no one with first-hand knowledge of the tanker market feels any anxiety on this score.

Our tankers form a very important part of our equipment, and their future profitable employment does not cause us one moment's anxiety or doubt.

### PROPOSED BONUS ISSUE

The next point with which I should like to deal is the question of the proposed issue of one free bonus share for every two held. As a precautionary measure, during our years of development, we adopted the customary practice of issuing ordinary shares at a premium to our shareholders, who thus provided a large capital reserve, available in case of unexpected difficulties in connection with our programme of expansion.

Your directors now feel satisfied that the various extensions and developments for which the capital was raised have proved themselves sound and remunerative, and the proposed bonus issue is naturally based on the conviction that it is in the best interests of the company that the amount of capital ranking for dividend should be brought into line with the capital actually subscribed by the shareholders and employed in the company's business.

The report and accounts were adopted; the formal business was transacted; and resolutions were passed increasing the capital to £8,000,000 by the creation of 1,000,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares and 1,000,000 Ordinary shares and capitalizing £1,492,044 standing to the credit of reserve by applying that sum in paying up Ordinary shares to be distributed as fully paid up among the holders of Ordinary shares.

At a subsequent extraordinary general meeting a resolution was passed amending the articles of association.

**MORRIS  
MOTORS**

LTD

Cowley—Oxford



## RIO TINTO COMPANY, LIMITED

## INCREASED INCOME AND A BONUS

The Fifty-Seventh Ordinary General Meeting of the Rio Tinto Co., Ltd., was held on April 14 at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, G.C.M.G. (the chairman), said in the course of his speech: In the revenue account you will see that we have considerably reduced our administrative expenses as compared with last year; that we have allowed £278,512 for depreciation and that our income is better.

As a result of our happier experience in 1929 I shall have to propose to you that in addition to paying the usual dividend on the Preference shares we pay a final dividend of 25s., plus a bonus of 5s. per share on the Ordinary shares, both less tax.

We have suggested the payment of a bonus this year by way of celebrating a jubilee. This is the fiftieth consecutive ordinary general meeting at which your chairman for the time being has had the satisfaction of asking you to approve the payment of some dividend, even if only, as in the years 1920 and 1921, following the great strike, on the Preference shares. The world consumption of sulphur has risen from 2½ million tons to approximately 6 million tons in the 30 years 1900-1929. But whereas the sulphur of 1900 came as to almost four-fifths from pyrites and one-fifth from brimstone, the sulphur of 1929 was derived almost equally from the two sources. This is very important because behind it lies the preference of consumers for sulphur as brimstone—a preference that is marked by the sharp price differential that it has been necessary for the pyrites producers to allow in order to retain their diminishing percentage of the market.

## TRADE CYCLES

We are now waiting for the death of the trade cycle of the "twenties" and the birth of the cycle which will occupy the "thirties." We may therefore assume that after a year or two in which the expansion in the sulphur consumption rate is checked, or even if we have a year or two of actual regression, the growth of the chemical industries and the increased use of artificial fertilizers will throughout the coming cycle force an increase of sulphur consumption on the world comparable to that of each of the last three decades.

So far as I can see, this dying cycle is transitional in the world of sulphur, and perhaps not only in the world of sulphur. When the trade cycle of the "twenties" is studied several new and unfamiliar features emerge. The period of prosperity appears to have been shortened and the collapse of the "boom" conditions more unpleasant than usual. The first of these unusual features was the failure in 1928 and 1929 of retail prices to move in the accustomed relationship to wholesale commodity prices. This would appear to have prevented the ultimate consumer from benefiting from the primary producer's increased capacity to supply.

What I have just stated generally was certainly the case with sulphur in pyrites. But, between us primary producers and the ultimate consumers are arrayed forces which prevent our increased efficiency affecting the price paid by the retail purchasers. There are forces at work which have been checking the expansion of our markets. Since February of this year signs of shrinkage of the markets have appeared.

## STABILIZATION OF PRICES

Now, what is it that is making trade worse than it need be, or, shall I say, relatively worse than at the corresponding phase of the former cycles? I do not think there is much doubt that it is the failure of the retail prices to follow the fall in commodity prices. Consumers are being held to boom conditions at a time of deepening depression and they cannot stand it. Stabilization of retail prices seems to be the devil in the piece. What is the cause of the widespread impulse towards stabilization of prices? There are several causes, but the most important is a taxation that is instinctively recognized as excessive. Retail prices then no longer follow commodity prices downward, and the trade cycle is upset—with consequences none can foresee. In other words, national, municipal and individual extravagances are coming home to roost.

In conclusion he dealt with the copper situation. There was going to be, he said, more copper wanted than the world had ever dreamed of using and, if the work of developing new sources of copper supply did not proceed regularly, there would be a copper famine in the world by 1935-40 at latest. That brought him to Rhodesia, where the Rio Tinto Company was one of a group which now controlled Minerals Separation, Ltd., the Rhodesian Congo Border Concessions and the N'Changa Company, and he believed that the position was that no one nation could dominate the Rhodesian field, but that its development was in the hands of companies representing practically all the world, American as well as European.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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